THE

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY,

FOR

APRIL, 1805.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

FIRST CANTO OF TERRIBLE TRACTORATION.

A CONCERN for the literary reputation of our country is one of the leaſt ſuſpicious forms, in which true patriotiſm diſplays itſelf. Whoever feels this concern will not take up a poetical volume, the production of his fellow citizen, but with livelieſt emotions. Our country has its character to form. We are yet in our literary infancy, juſt "liſping in numbers," juſt preſſing, with faint and faultering voice, our new and doubtful claim to literature and ſcience. Terrible Tractoration has therefore been read with peculiar intereſt, and the general ſentiment will warrant us in ſaying, with equal ſatisfaction.

In commending CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC, we are only ſubſcribing to the opinions, expreſſed by the people of another country. To be behind that country in our appreciation of his merits were a ſtigma; it is very pardonable to go beyond it. National vanity may be a folly; but national ingratitude is a crime. Terrible Tractoration was ſucceſsful in England on its firſt appearance, and as yet ſeems to have loſt none of its popularity. It belongs to that claſs of productions, which have the good fortune to eſcape what Johnſon angrily, but too juſtly, denominates "the general conſpiracy of human nature againſt contemporary merit." It has already been re-printed a ſecond time; the impreſſion which is read in Boſton being a reviſed and corrected copy of the ſecond London edition. The occaſion of the work ſeems to have been accidental, and its deſign, originally, nothing more than to ridicule the overglowing zeal, with which certain Engliſh phyſicians perſecuted the reputation of Perkins' metallick tractors. But the work grew beneath the author's hand. He found that *Quackery* was not confined to *Medicine*. He traced it with his eye, and followed it with his ſcourge, into the regions of Philoſophy, Natural Hiſtory, Politicks, Morality, and Poetry; till, in the end, a ſcanty newſpaper eſſay grew to be a volume of ſatire, on various ſubjects. In the proſecution of his views the author has confined himſelf to legitimate means. While purſuing humorous aſſociations he never grows intemperate, immoral, or inde-

corous. On this point he is entitled to every commendation. His wit is neither embittered with the malice of Pindar, nor corrupted with the ſenſuality of Moore.* The firſt canto, and that to which all particular remarks in this paper are confined, is entitled OURSELF !—and is, what it ſhould be, a neat and compact deſcription of the deſign of the canto. As a fair ſpecimen of the author's manner, we tranſcribe the eight firſt lines, which are neither the beſt nor the worſt to be found in it.

From garret high, with cobwebs hung,
The pooreſt wight that ever ſung,
Moſt gentle Sirs, I come before ye
To tell my lamentable ſtory.
What makes my ſorry caſe the ſadder,
I once ſtood high on Fortune's ladder;
From whence contrive the fickle Jilt did,
That your Petitioner ſhould be tilted.

In deſpite of the Muſes, who, as he chooſes to ſay, refuſe to inſpire him, he makes himſelf poetical by inhaling a quantity of Dr. Beddoes' *gaſeous oxyd of nitrogen*. This fancy gives him an opportunity of exerciſing much raillery on that boaſted catholicon. Grown giddy himſelf by this inhalation, he chooſes to conſider the poetical giddineſs of Southey as produced by the ſame cauſe; thence exculpating Apollo from having any ſhare in the inſpiration of that poet.

In the following ſtanza the author contrives to compliment himſelf, by a pretty ſucceſsful play upon words; a ſpecies of wit, at which an unfortunate attempt creates great diſguſt.

How theſe confounded gaſſes ſerve us!
But Beddoes ſays that I am nervous,
And that this oxyd gas of nitre
Is bad for ſuch a *nervous* writer!

Dr. Anderſon, in the "Recreations in Agriculture and Natural Hiſtory," had ſaid with great gravity, "that the mathematician can demonſtrate with the moſt deciſive certainty, that no fly can alight on this globe which we inhabit without communicating motion to it." This important diſcovery, and others of the ſame learned Doctor, are very properly ridiculed.

——Could tell how far a careleſs fly
Might chance to turn this globe awry,
If flitting round, in giddy circuit,
With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it.

The follies which diſgrace the affected lovers of natural hiſtory receive no ſmall ſhare of Cauſtic's deriſion. It is indeed time, high time that they were hooted from ſociety, loaded with the reprobation and contempt of every man of ſenſe. Among the crowds of men there is no one more deſpicable, than he who thinks it an object to rear a race of rabbits *with one ear*; unleſs it be another, who laments the extinction of a breed of dogs *with three legs*.

* The writer foreſees that he ſhall be charged with *puritaniſm*, for objecting to the delicious verſes of the Tranſlator of Anacreon. Be it ſo. In his opinion the author, who cannot pleaſe, without endangering the morals of his readers, had better ſtudy ethicks, than write poetry. On the reſtraints which youth, with infinite pains, impoſes on its paſſions, Mr. M. breathes the effuſions of licentious ingenuity, and they diſſolve like ſcorched flax. The aſſociation of impure, unhallowed ſentiments, with the enchanting power of genius and poetry, is one of the moſt fatal poſſible combinations againſt human happineſs.

The whimſies of St. Pierre, the deiſtical and atheiſtical ſpeculations of Darwin, that hereſiarch in poetry and philoſophy, and the fooleries of William Godwin, are aſſaulted in the canto with much ſpirit and ſucceſs. There are two ſchools in religion and literature, as well as in politicks. It is gratifying to the diſciples of the *old*, that the author of Tractoration diſplays wit, and ſenſe, and poetry on its ſide, againſt the pride and the folly, the ridicule and the ribaldry, the pitiable ignorance and the hateful malignity of philoſophiſts, deiſts, atheiſts, and reformers. He believes that the harveſt of infidelity and French *Philoſophiſm* is ſorrow and deluſion; that they who ſow the wind, ſhall thereof reap the whirlwind.

The verſification of the firſt canto is uncommonly harmonious. It might be difficult to ſelect, from the ſame compaſs of Hudibraſtick poetry, more unexceptionable lines. To ſome of the rhymes, however, aſtute criticiſm might object. *Deſcription* is made to rhyme with *ſubſcription*; *problematic* with *ſymtomatic*; *elated* with *inoculated*. In theſe caſes, the two laſt ſyllables of the words, and thoſe which form the rhyme, are not only ſimilar in ſound, but preciſely the ſame. Such rhymes may have precedents in books of authority, and in long works it may be difficult to avoid them; but to the ear of the writer of this article they give no delight; and, as no poetry can be *neutral*, they of courſe diſpleaſe. Johnſon objects to one of the epitaphs of Pope, that *light* is made to rhyme with *night*.

Nor can I ſay that I receive pleaſure from rhymes, when the correſponding ſounds are farther from the end of the line than the penult ſyllable. Therefore, when *electricity* chimes with *duplicity*, *propriety* with *ſociety*, *utility* with *perfectibility*, the pleaſure ariſing from ſimilarity of ſounds is deſtroyed. In heroicks the rule imperiouſly fixes the rhyme to the laſt ſyllable. In Hudibraſticks, a *poet's licenſe* will permit him to vibrate between the final and the penult. This, it may be ſaid, is catching at ſmall or doubtful errours. Be it ſo. But unleſs we can give form and ſubſtance to theſe, we ſhall ceaſe to be the author's critick, and become his eulogiſt.

If Terrible Tractoration be conſidered a ſatire, it is formed rather after the example of Horace, than of Juvenal and Pope. There are exceptions, but as a general rule it may be ſaid to be rather a laugh at the follies, than a cenſorious reproof of the vices of mankind. To the firſt canto this obſervation applies ſtrictly. All is gay, pleaſant, and playful. There is no angry ſatire in the poetry, no indignant declamation in the notes.

In point of ſcholarſhip, the author appears not to be deficient. In the phraſeology of Burnet, he has "laid out his learning with as much ſucceſs as he laid it in."

On opening the book one is reminded of the elegant alliterative metaphor of Sheridan, "a neat rivulet of text murmuring through a meadow of margin." This is certainly matter of queſtionable propriety, but it is the taſte of the times. Modern poets determine to be their own commentators,

edge rather by intimation, than by direct intelligence.

To this ſucceeds "The Examination of Modern Ethics," from a publication of Dr. Parr.* Not being original, it is not a proper ſubject of our criticiſm. We think however that no little praiſe is due to the good taſte diſcovered by its ſelection.

The "Memoir reſpecting the union of the Swiſs Cantons," is we fear to many readers not very intereſting; for the learned it will not inſtruct, and the ignorant it will not amuſe. It is too common for thoſe who form abridgements of hiſtory, inſtead of delineating the motives and conſequences of actions, to give only a dry detail of facts; inſtead of producing a miniature, to pack up a ſkeleton. We do not mean however to apply this obſervation in full force to the piece before us, and for ourſelves we think, that if it were ſufficiently *relieved* by others of a lighter and more amuſing kind, it would be a valuable part of the compilation.

In the remarks on Charles I. there is little novelty, but much elegance.

We now come to the third of a ſeries of letters of advice to a ſtudent of Harvard Univerſity. Advice is in general ſufficiently diſguſting, and we cannot compliment the author of theſe letters as alluring his diſciples to drink the bitter draught from his cup by the honey on its brim,

——veluti pueris abſinthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur.——

The language is harſh, and the ſentiments are common. That meditation is equally important with reading; that many waſte precious hours by devoting more time to ſleep, than nature requires; that diligence and method are neceſſary to ſucceſs in ſtudy; that no perſon without diligent ſtudy ever attained high eminence in ſcience; that ſocial intercourſe with literary friends is both uſeful and pleaſant; and that even vacations are not to be miſpent; are certainly truths, but truths of which very few need information. To all the ſentiments contained in this letter we cannot however ſo readily aſſent, nor would we adviſe any ſtudent, however much he may be diſſatisfied by the interruption of a viſitant, to endeavour to force him away by refuſing to join in his converſation. We may aſſiſt the weak and improve the idle; we may benefit thoſe, by whom we cannot be benefited.

At the following very grave remark one can hardly avoid ſmiling: p. 259, "Beſide diligence, you muſt employ method in ſtudy, would you improve time to the moſt valuable purpoſe. Method was with great propriety denominated by the ancients the ſoul of ſcience."

There is in Shakeſpeare what may be eſteemed a parallel paſſage.

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number of quotations we do not think any of them very happily introduced. A quotation is ſeldom elegant without it be at the ſame time an alluſion or metaphor, without the ideas which it contains be placed in a new light, "parcè detorta;" and its meaning ſomewhat altered by a new connection. The following paſſage from the Anatomy of Melancholy is a very fine example of the metaphorical uſe of quotation.

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We are pleaſed with the information and ingenuity of the author of the ſhort piece on the Patronage of Genius. We cannot however with him think it queſtionable "whether neglect [he particularly refers to our own country] has that deleterious influence on the progreſs of genius, which it has been ſo faſhionable to ſuppoſe." In our land, merely as a man of literature and genius, it is impoſſible to find maintenance; nor are there, in any of our colleges, eſtabliſhments for the ſupport of thoſe, who may be willing to devote their time to ſtudious exertion; and the contemptible ſtate of the literature of our country is to be attributed to the conſequent want of leiſure in thoſe, who might cultivate it, unleſs we are indeed that degenerate race, which ſome Europeans have been willing to believe. The men of literature in this land do not claim reward for their labours, but merely compenſation; we will endure, they might ſay in expoſtulating with their country, *toil*, *envy*, *want*, and a *patron*, if we may eſcape a *jail*; we aſk not for places, where to repoſe, but for ſhelter, where to labour.

The reviews, which conclude the proſe of this number, are in general well written. The merit of the firſt of theſe may preſerve for ſome time the periſhable remembrance of the "Letters from London." We perceive that its author has preoccupied one of our foregoing remarks with reſpect to "inflation of manner being characteriſtick of American compoſition."

There is but one poetical production in this number, the deſign of the author of which appears to have been ſo worthy of praiſe, that we are unwilling to treat its performance with much ſeverity. With the following paſſage however we were very little pleaſed. Neither contempt nor indignation are expreſſed by railing.

Yet ſome there are, whoſe vile polluted hearts,
To eaſe the torturing dread of juſt deſert,
Perſuade their dupiſh, menial heads to think,
That o'er creation there preſides no God.

Neither do we think the following attempt at ſublimity very ſucceſsful.

Thou then ſhalt calmly hear the thundering ſound
Of ſuns and ſyſtems tumbling into chaos.

As latin poetry of our own growth is ſo rare as to be a curioſity; the reader of the ſecond number of the Miſcellany will be attracted by the title "Epigramma

and to leave nothing to the labours of a future Euſtathius, Johnſon, or Wharton. It is more eaſy to account for this practice, than to juſtify it. Modern poems are occaſional performances, deriving their incidents from particular occurrences, and full of alluſions to particular characters. The knowledge of ſuch incidents and characters, neceſſarily confined to a ſmall circle, muſt be generally circulated, before the poem can be read with general pleaſure.

The notes, which conſtitute the bulk of the volume, partake of the ſpirit of the poetry. In general they are ſprightly, appropriate, and occaſionally abounding with poignant irony. It is poſſible they contain ſome levities of expreſſion, not unexceptionable, even in this ſort of compoſition. To call the moon "miſs Luna," or the propheteſs "miſs Sybil," requires no part of the wit of Chriſtopher Cauſtic. Such ſophomorical aſſociations are made by any body. To ſpeak, too, of a "comet's taking it into its head," is frivolous, if not flat; and ſo, I imagine, is the imitation of a drunken man, by ſplitting the words he is made to uſe. *Homer ſometimes dozes.* On the whole, Terrible Tractoration is a work which does honour to its author, and goes far towards refuting the ſlanders on American genius.

D. W.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LITERARY MISCELLANY.

IT has been often remarked, that periodical publications, more than any other, contribute toward forming the manners of a people. Their ſize is commonly ſuch, that they are eaſily diffuſed, and for the ſake of their novelty they are eagerly read. The papers of Addiſon, as Dr. Johnſon informs us, added not a little to the civility of England; and in our own country, where every man may procure a newſpaper, every man thinks himſelf a patriot and a politician. Until within the laſt year the only periodical publication of much literary merit, circulating in New England, was the Port Folio, and to the taſte and talents of the editor of that paper we gladly take this opportunity of paying our tribute of reſpect.—Three numbers of the Literary Miſcellany have however lately appeared, and, as being native among us, they claim particular notice. The general character of this work ſeems to be, that it is conducted with ſome ability, but that it is deficient in exciting intereſt or affording amuſement. Its merit indeed is very unequal, but we may form ſome eſtimation of it from an examination of the ſeveral pieces contained in the laſt number, the character of which is very ſimilar to that of the two preceding. In the following obſervations we may not however confine ourſelves ſtrictly to theſe, but if we find occaſion, refer to thoſe which have before been publiſhed.

It is a bad omen to ſtumble at the threſhold. We are perhaps wrong in complaining of want of amuſement; for one muſt be very dull to read ſoberly, and ſomewhat illnatured to read with a ſneer, rather than a ſmile, the wild

conjectures and curious obſervations, that he may find in the firſt piece, which this third number contains, the title of which is Primitive Hiſtory. It would at leaſt have been proper for the author to explain more fully, where he made his novel diſcoveries, what Terra Auſtralis Incognita of Literature he may have been exploring; or to ſpeak ſeriouſly, how he eſtabliſhed the identity of the perſons and places mentioned by different names in the Hindoo books and in the ſacred ſcriptures. Until this is done, common readers may perhaps believe him to have been *wiſe above what is written.*— The following conjectures are perhaps as curious, as any ever ſpied out by the ſharpened eye of an Antiquarian.

"We regret," ſays the author, (p. 111. No. 11.) "that we have no other means to fix their reſidence [that of three ſons of Enoch] but a reſemblance of names, as this alone is the leaſt ſatisfactory of all evidence. Such as it is, we give the reader our opinion and leave the narrative to ſupport it. Tamaſa the eldeſt ſettled in Great Britain, and gave his name to the principal river in that iſland. Raviata ſettled in the upper part of Italy. His country was called Rhoetia, and his city Reatè. Ultama went to Greece and built a town to which he gave his own name, but his poſtdiluvian ſucceſſors corrupted it to Athenæ."

Is it not allowable to parody the advice of the friend of Pope, and to entreat of the author to **write next winter* more commentaries on the revelations?

From Antediluvian Hiſtory we turn with pleaſure to the third number of Literary Diſſertations, which contains information, to many new, and which to ſome may be uſeful. In this age, however fond of novelty, and which retains ſo little of the perſevering induſtry of former times, we join with the author in his deſpair of being able to recal attention to the ſeverer ſtudies of Jewiſh literature, even though theſe ſtudies may tend to illuſtrate the Book of Life.

We proceed to the "Retroſpect of the eighteenth century," written in a ſtyle, which has ſome reſemblance to that, which the ancients called the Aſiatic, but which has ſo long been the diſgrace of our country, that it may now with unfortunate propriety be denominated the † American; a ſtyle, which may be well deſcribed, in the words of Petronius, as being "rerum tumore et ſententiarum vaniſſimo ſtrepitu." When the editors of the Miſcellany again convene, we could almoſt wiſh them, if the author ſhould offer to write once more, with Roman ſtrictneſs to iſſue a mandate—"I lictor colliga manus."

The biography of Barthelemy is undoubtedly intereſting, but we believe the tranſlator to miſtake, when he "preſumes [that] it has not yet appeared in our language." An Engliſh edition (as mentioned in the Monthly Review No. 5. v. 40, p. 342.) was in the preſs in 1803.

Of the View of literature in Germany the matter is curious and the manner elegant. What has been ſaid of Gibbon is however in ſome degree applicable to its author. He conveys knowl-

* Alas, alas, pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Eſſays on man. *Epig. to Sat. Dial.* 2.

† See Review of Auſtin's Letters in the number of the Lit. Miſcel. which we are conſidering, p. 268.

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There is but one poetical production in this number, the deſign of the author of which appears to have been ſo worthy of praiſe, that we are unwilling to treat its performance with much ſeverity. With the following paſſage however we were very little pleaſed. Neither contempt nor indignation are expreſſed by railing.

Yet ſome there are, whoſe vile polluted hearts,
To eaſe the torturing dread of juſt deſert,
Perſuade their dupiſh, menial heads to think,
That o'er creation there preſides no God.

Neither do we think the following attempt at ſublimity very ſucceſsful.

Thou then ſhalt calmly hear the thundering ſound
Of ſuns and ſyſtems tumbling into chaos.

As latin poetry of our own growth is ſo rare as to be a curioſity; the reader of the ſecond number of the Miſcellany will be attracted by the title "Epigramma

de Variola Vaccina."* This Epigram, however, the lines of which are collected from the commendatory verſes prefixed to Cheyne's Eſſay on Health and Long Life, ſhould not have been publiſhed as original. It bears marks of forcible avulſion ;

—pellit triſtis ſimulacra fugacia ſpectri,

though an appropriate compliment to the combatant of the "Engliſh malady," is not very applicable to the ſubject of preſent praiſe.

We now conclude our remarks on the Miſcellany, written not with any deſign to injure its reputation, but with the moſt ſincere deſire to promote its future reſpectability. It cannot now claim but we hope it may ſoon the character deſcribed in the verſe of Johnſon,

Non ulla Muſis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ ſeveris ludicra jungere,
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

* We were ſorry to diſcover in the firſt line of this ſhort piece two inſtances of falſe quantity. *Ed.*

THE THEOLOGIST. No. 4.

COINCIDENCES BETWEEN NATURAL AND REVEALED RELIGION.

THE chriſtian diſpenſation has been repreſented as a reſtoration of truths which were once poſſeſſed by mankind, but which in ſucceſſive ages became corrupted and loſt ; as an improvement or perfection of natural religion. This in part is correct ; but conſidered as a complete view of the goſpel, it is a falſe and very dangerous ſentiment, contradicted not only by the goſpel, but by the hiſtories of every age and nation by which it was preceded.

Natural religion is that knowledge of God, of the duties of man, and of a future ſtate, which reaſon may attain by its own reſearches. This definition would be admitted by one, who denied the neceſſity and advantages of a revelation. To aſcertain of what reaſon is capable, we muſt recur to countries which have not been favoured with a revelation ; or if it be found that, in every ancient nation in which reaſon has been improved, there have ever remained ſome fragments of a revelation which was was once enjoyed, it will perhaps be acknowledged, that the extent of diſcoveries which might be made by reaſon, unaſſiſted by revelation, muſt forever baffle the moſt accurate inveſtigation. Conſtituted as man is at preſent, it cannot be doubted, even if there had been no ſupernatural communications of divine truth, that ſome knowledge would have been acquired of that *great agent*, by whom the univerſe was framed and is governed. We have the higheſt authority to ſanction the aſſertion, that many of the inviſible things of God *from the creation of the world* are clearly ſeen, being underſtood by the things which are made ; but it is as true that eye hath not ſeen nor ear heard, neither had nor could it have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for thoſe who love him, which things he revealed to the apoſtles by his ſpirit.

What would be that acquaintance with the Deity which reaſon might acquire, would depend on the degree of its improvement. If we imagine a ſociety poſſeſſed

of all that knowledge of nature which is now attained, unbiaſſed by contradictory prejudices of education, and uncorrupted by vicious affections and habits, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that they would arrive at the moſt correct ſentiments of the divine Being. By following the chain of cauſes and effects, they would naturally and eaſily aſcend to the throne of the Almighty. But, in proportion as this knowledge was reſtricted within more narrow limits, they would as neceſſarily ſtop at the higheſt cauſe which they could diſcern. In a reflecting mind it therefore excites no ſurpriſe, that the ſun has been an object of worſhip in one nation, in another a river, and in a third whatever has been found by experience to be moſt beneficial or hurtful. Reaſon dictates the duty of homage to ſome ſuperiour power. By revelation we are inſtructed that this power is God.

This is an intereſting coincidence, and forcefully illuſtrates one of the benefits derived from revelation. It is not credible that the moſt ignorant ſavage, when he kneels before his idol, believes the wood or ſtone, or metalick ſubſtance, to be a god ; but rather the ſymbol or repreſentation of a being whom he fears or loves. The ox and other conſecrated animals, the ſun and ſacred fire, the ſtatue of Jupiter and the negro *fetiche*, were emblems of an incomprehenſible intelligence, and only mediums of worſhip. By revelation we are made acquainted with the character and agency of God, and taught to worſhip him in *ſpirit and in truth*. The duty of religious homage may therefore be deduced from the univerſal conſent of mankind. If there be ſuch a thing as natural religion, this is a part of it ; and obſtinate indeed muſt he be in infidelity, who can contemplate that character of the Moſt High which is exhibited in the ſcriptures, and deny that it is far more *reaſonable* to adore and ſerve him in the manner which is there appointed, than either under any mythological forms, or merely by *ſilent admiration*, the pretended worſhip of the hypocritical unbeliever.

Religious homage is founded on a belief of the agency of the beings to whom it is addreſſed. It would be an abſurdity too groſs to be imputed to the moſt uninformed of mankind, that they would pay ſuch ſervices to any, of whom they ſuppoſed themſelves to be wholly independent. The imagined agency of theſe objects of worſhip, whether demons or the ſpirits of departed men, an image of wood or a living animal, coincides exactly with the revealed doctrine of the *providence of God*. From revelation we derive our knowledge of the divine omnipreſence and providence ; but during the ages which preceded the chriſtian æra, with few exceptions, nations the moſt refined and the leaſt enlightened believed that particular deities preſided over the different parts of nature, and thus left nothing in the univerſe to be the ſport of contingency. By the diſciples of natural religion it will perhaps be affirmed, that the ſentiments of theſe nations do not approach nearer to reaſon and truth than thoſe of chriſtians ; but if, without an acknowledgement of a revelation,

theſe ſentiments were retained ſo many centuries, and by ſo great a portion of mankind, it will be very difficult for an unbeliever of the goſpel to evade the concluſion, that for every correct opinion which he embraces of the divine nature and operations he is indebted to thoſe ſcriptures, the divine origin of which he denies, and the inſtructions of which he affects to deſpiſe.

The origin of ſacrifices is a ſubject of controverſy. By the adherents to revelation they are believed to be of divine appointment.* They have conſtituted an eſſential part of almoſt every religion; and as we cannot conceive that reaſon would ever have dictated ſuch means of intercourſe with the divinities, the concluſion is at leaſt probable, that all nations, in ſome diſtant time, have been enlightened by revealed religion. "We ſacrifice to the gods," ſaid Porphyry, "for three reaſons; either to pay them worſhip, or to return thanks for their favours, or to deſire them to give us good things, or to free us from evils."† Theſe were almoſt preciſely the purpoſes of the Jewiſh ſacrifices. "Ovid, in the ſixth book of his Faſti, ſuppoſes the ſacrificed animal to be a vicarious ſubſtitute, the ſeveral parts of which were given as equivalents for what was due by the offerers.

Cor pro corde, precor; pro fibra, ſumite fibras;
Hanc animam vobis pro meliore damus."

* Shuckford's Connections. Vol. i. p. 79. & ſeq. Dr. Kennicott's two diſſertations the tree of life, and the oblations of Cain and Abel. p. 202. & ſeq.

† Shuckford's Con. Vol. i. p. 82.

But whether this be or be not conſidered a rational ſervice, it will not be denied that there is an evident coincidence between the objects to be obtained by theſe ſacrifices, and the offering which was made by Chriſt upon the croſs; and that the general prevalence of this mode of worſhip is well adapted to prepare mankind for the univerſal, though gradual reception of the goſpel. If it be true, as is aſſerted by ſome of the learned, that ſacrifices were of human invention, the offering of them in all ages and in almoſt every country proves, that they are conſiſtent with the common ſenſe of mankind, and however decried, that they are a part of natural religion. It is not our buſineſs, at preſent, to defend either of theſe opinions; but whichever is embraced, the coincidence remains the ſame.

The ultimate end of all religious knowledge and obſervances is the attainment of happineſs in the future life. The atheiſt only diſbelieves that the ſpirit of man is immortal. Different ſentiments are received by mankind concerning the future ſtate; but the general concurrence in the belief, that the preſent is a ſtate preparatory to the future, that death will be ſucceeded by judgment, and that the good will be rewarded and the evil puniſhed according to their deeds, furniſhes a pleaſing coincidence with the inſtructions of the goſpel on this ſubject. A deiſt who candidly reaſons concerning the divine perfections and government, will naturally arrive at theſe concluſions. Of the *manner* of our exiſtence in the future world, reaſon by its greateſt ef-

forts can acquire no adequate conception; but the perfect correſpondency between what it is capable of attaining, and that which is revealed, ſhould induce the moſt implicit faith in the ſcriptures, and the moſt ardent gratitude for their beſtowment.

COLLECTANEA. No. 5.

"Tam prodeſſe quam conſpici."

LYONET, a Genevan of the preſent day, unites the moſt ardent paſſion for natural hiſtory with uncommon perſeverance, exceſſive thirſt for fame and profound obſervation; he determined to ſtrike into a path which ſhould be perfectly new, and to produce a work ſingle in its kind. He firſt determined to write on the Aphis, then on the Polypus; but he found that in the firſt Bonnet would be his rival, and in the latter Trembley. He then ſought for another ſubject, in which ſo many difficulties ſhould be combined as to preclude him from any danger of competition; and for this purpoſe engaged in the diſſection of the Phalæna coſſus. On applying to different persons to undertake the deſigns for the plates, his expectations were ſo extenſive, that it was impoſſible to anſwer them, and every one ſhrunk affrighted from the taſk. He therefore immediately applied himſelf to learn drawing, in which he made ſo rapid progreſs that he executed deſigns incredibly difficult, with an exactneſs aſtoniſhing to connoiſſeurs and practitioners. But he was in the ſame predicament with the engravers as with the draughtſmen, and he was obliged to learn this art, in which he arrived at diſtinguiſhed excellence, and thus was enabled to complete his work.—*Matthiſon's Letters from various parts of the continent, between the years* 1785 & 1794.

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Petrarch thought meanly of his "Canzoni" and "Sonnette," which have been the principal means of giving immortality to his name; while his heroick poem "Africa," on which he reared his chief hopes of poetical renown, is forgotten. His friend Boccaccio, expected alſo to live to poſterity, not through the "Decameron," which he contemned and ſought to ſuppreſs, but ſolely through his latin works, which at preſent reſt in obſcurity. The "Decameron" has paſſed through ſixty editions at Venice.—*Ib. p.* 250.

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It is worthy of remark that St. Auguſtine was born in Africa on the ſame day with Pelagius in Britain. They were oppoſed to each other, and their controverſies are well known in the learned world.

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The idea of Swift's "battle of Books" was taken from a little work, called "La Guerre Bêtes." Paris, 1671. And "Il Divortio Celeſte" of Ferrante Pallavichini, very probably gave riſe to the "Tale of a Tub."—*Anecdotes of diſtinguiſhed perſons, Vol.* 2. *p.* 299.

In Iſrael all claims of kinſhip and transfers were formerly confirmed in this manner. A man pulled off his ſhoe, and gave it to his neighbour; and this was a teſtimony in Iſrael.—*Book of Ruth, c.* 4.

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During the reign of Edward II. the preſenting of gloves was the manner of giving poſſeſſion. They have alſo been uſed in preſenting a challenge. The offended threw down a glove, which, if taken up by the offender, was a mark of his acceptance.

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Cardan wrote over the door of his library, *Tempus ager meus*. His idea was thus dilated by the learned Sculter.

Amice quiſquis huc venis,
Aut agita paucis, aut abi,
Aut me laborantem adjuva.

—

It is ſaid that St. Bernard, approaching near to his end, thus addreſſed his brethren. Tria vobis obſervanda relinquo, quæ in ſtudio preſentis vitæ quo cucurri memini, me pro viribus obſervaſſe. Nemini ſcandalum facere volui; et ſi aliquid accidit, ſedavi ut potui. Minus ſemper ſenſui meo quam alterius credidi. Læſus de ledente nunquam vindictam expetii.—I leave three things to be obſerved by you, which, to the extent of my power, I have always endeavoured to practiſe. 1. I have not intentionally calumniated any one; and if any one has fallen, I have endeavoured to conceal his misfortunes. 2. I have always confided leſs in my own, than in the judgments of others. 3. Whatever injuries I have received, I have never retaliated. Theſe are the *golden rules* of St. Bernard.

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During the eleven years of the pontificate of Clement 13th, ten thouſand murders were committed in the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, and near four thouſand in the capital alone.—*Hiſtorical and philoſophical Memoirs of Pius 6th.*

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Politiano, in his Miſcellanea, ſays of Mariano Genazona, an eccleſiaſtick of the 15th century, "I was lately induced to attend one of his lectures, rather, to ſay the truth, through curioſity, than with a hope of being entertained. His appearance however intereſted me in his favour. His addreſs was ſtriking, and his eye marked intelligence—my expectations were raiſed. He began—I was attentive; a clear voice—ſelect expreſſion—elevated ſentiment. He divides his ſubject—I perceive his diſtinctions. Nothing perplexed; nothing inſipid; nothing languid. He unfolds the web of his argument—I am enthralled. He refutes the ſophiſm—I am freed. He introduces a pertinent narrative—I am intereſted. He modulates his voice—I am charmed. He is jocular—I ſmile. He preſſes me with ſerious truths—I yield to their force. He addreſſes the paſſions—the tears glide down my cheeks. He raiſes his voice in anger—I tremble and wiſh myſelf away.—*Roſcoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici. vol.* 2. *p.* 157.

"Are all ſuch preachers?
Would to heaven they were!"

THE LITERARY WANDERER. No. 3.

Now the pleaſed eye from yon lone cottage ſees
On the green mead the ſmoke long-ſhadowing play ;
The redbreaſt on the bloſſomed ſpray,
Warbles wild her lateſt lay,
And ſleeps along the dale the ſilent breeze.
Calm Contemplation, 'tis thy favourite hour ;
Come fill my boſom, tranquillizing Power.

R. S.

THOUGH a perſon may ſo far abſtract his mind from obſervance of ſurrounding objects, as to meditate amid the noiſe and confuſion of a buſy multitude ; yet, I imagine, few would recommend to the ſtudious ſuch a diſtracting ſituation. Solitude and ſilence are more propitious. Removed from the interruption and diſturbance of unthinking worldlings, they participate the pure enjoyments of tranquillity. No fears alarm, no diſquietudes impede their advancement ; but content, harmony, and peace contribute their powerful aſſiſtance. Impreſſed with theſe ſentiments, the wiſe in every age have exhibited a peculiar predilection for retirement. Cicero frequently viſited his villa at Tuſculum, enjoying infinitely more ſatisfaction than when thundering from the roſtrum. Virgil and Horace were accuſtomed to ſpend conſiderable time at their country-ſeats, amuſing themſelves by a contemplation of nature's beauties. The tranquil retreat of Vaucluſe afforded Petrarch more heart-felt gratification, than the tumultuous ſcenes of Arezzo. Experiencing misfortunes in this city, he flew to ſolitude, and there found the quietude he ſo anxiouſly ſought. In this bower of ſecluſion, with a mind invigorated by the ſalubrity of his ſituation, he cultivated his poetick talents, making every grove reſound his Laura's excellences.

Being in a melancholy, contemplative frame of mind, which I am habituated ſometimes to indulge, I laſt evening took a ſolitary ramble in the neighbouring wood-lands, and imperceptibly arrived within the limits of a circular glade, which opened toward the eaſt. The ſetting moon gleamed on a diſtant lake. All was ſilent, ſave a waterfall that roared beyond the boundaries of the wood, and a light breeze which at times moaned through the unfoliaged branches. The uncommon beauty of the evening induced me to purſue the train of congenial ideas, which the ſurrounding ſcenery had produced. It is not the cold ſuggeſtion of miſanthropy, not the enthuſiaſm of a ſolitary diſpoſition, that renders theſolemnity of this hour and place ſo peculiarly grateful ; but the elevated ſentiments and refined pleaſures, which ſuch rural proſpects are calculated to beſtow.

The advantages of contemplation are numerous and important. The mind, neither wearied by the ſeverity of intenſe application, nor relaxed by the inſignificance of trivial amuſements, is engaged in a uſeful and agreeable employment. If tranquillity be more eligible than ſolicitude ; if improvement of mental faculties be preferable to attainment of riches ; and if ſelf-knowledge be ſuperiour to honorary diſtinction ; then contemplation with her attendant bleſſings affords more genuine happineſs than grandeur, wealth, and ambition. Her plea-

ſures are pure as the dreams of virtue ; innocent as the thoughts of childhood. Have we been deprived of endeared connexions ; we may cheriſh the ſoothing conſideration, that their ſpirits, liberated from this tenement of duſt, occaſionally aſſiſt the ſolitude of our retirements, and perhaps are ſometimes commiſſioned to avert impending deſtruction. Though ſuch conjectures may be eſteemed the offspring of romantick fancy ; ſtill, like the deceptive promiſes of hope, they are happy deluſions, which it is by no means unmanly to indulge.

———Nor can the halls of heaven
Give to the human ſoul ſuch kindred joy,
As, hovering o'er its earthly haunts, it feels,
When with the breeze it wantons round the brow
Of one belov'd on earth ; or when at night
In dreams it comes, and brings with it the DAYS
And JOYS that are no more.

Reflexion tranquillizes the boiſterous emotions of the ſoul, and has a direct tendency to correct vicious propenſities. Muſt it not be attributed in a great degree to inconſideration, that abandoned characters advance from one pitch of turpitude to a higher, till the path of virtue appears loſt forever ? Reflexion is not a companion of giddy circles of faſhion, nor is ſhe welcome at abodes of jollity and extravagance ; retired from anxious cares and intruſive ſolicitudes, ſhe loves to frequent ſome lonely grove, and when

The ſober twilight dimly darkens round,

to afford her votaries the moſt refined enjoyments, of which humanity is capable ; to ſtrengthen the energies of the mind, to facilitate acquiſition of knowledge, and to lay a permanent foundation of future felicity. We are diſſuaded from the virulence of rivalſhip, and at the ſame time accommodated with an unceaſing ſource of rational amuſement. Love of virtue and of religion becomes increaſed, judgment ſtrengthened, and acquaintance with human nature extended. Of thoſe, who are qualified to effect the advancement of ſcience in a conſiderable degree, the number is extremely diminutive. Mankind become reciprocally beneficial by diverſity of purſuit. While ſome pay attention to agriculture or commerce ; ſome to mechanick arts, which embelliſh and render life comfortable ; a diſcerning few of more contemplative minds, or more lively imaginations, devote their time and talents to the ennobling purſuits of literature. Though they become more delicately ſenſible of incidental misfortunes, ſtill thoſe peculiar gratifications, to which they are excluſively admitted, effectually counterbalance this trivial inconvenience.

Glory is not confined to the pomp of war, to the enſanguined field of battle, where the ſighs of humanity are heard on every gale ; ſhe never diſdains to viſit the peaceful vale of philoſophy, to roam amid the groves of Academus, or, accompanied by the "nymph, ſweet liberty," to inhale the ſalubrious mountain breeze. With her Genius loves to inveſtigate untrodden paths, to trim at midnight the decaying ta-

per, and to experience the profuſion of human enjoyments.

Adjecere bonæ paullò plus artis Athenæ ;
Scilicet ut poſſem curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter ſylvas Academi quærere verum.
HORATIUS.

Indulgent Athens then improved my parts,
With ſome ſmall tincture of ingenuous arts ;
Fair truth from falſehood to diſcern, and rove
In ſearch of wiſdom through the muſeful grove. FRANCIS.

Contemplation teaches us to commune with ourſelves ; to diſcover the wayward inclinations of our hearts ; and to revolve in our minds and imitate the brilliant examples of virtue. What are we benefitted by ſtudies, which are not ultimately conducive to meliorate our condition ? Inſtead of being endured with patient reſignation, the calamities which are incident to old age, unalleviated by the joys of retroſpection, appear in proſpect almoſt inſupportable. But a virtuous mind, accuſtomed to cheriſh reflection in ſolitude, receives renewed gratification from remembrance of paſt occurrences ; and like the moon, burſting from an evening cloud, appears more bright and enlivening through temporary ſecluſion.

The pleaſures of memory are intimately connected with thoſe of contemplation. The pictured ſcenes of departed years paſs and repaſs in imagination, diffuſing over the ſoul that indeſcribable ſenſation, which has been happily denominated THE JOY OF GRIEF. The endearing tenderneſs of parental affection is recalled ; and, though the protectors of our infancy may long ſince have repoſed in the ſilent tomb, we affectionately renew the melancholly recollection. The impreſſions which their unremitted exertions, their ſympathetick feelings, and their guardian vigilance have made on our minds, the relentleſs hand of time ſhall never obliterate. Their amiable qualities alone are repoſited in our memories, for in their graves are buried all their foibles, all their animoſities and reſentments. A ſigh, a tear accompanies the remembrance ; but they are ſighs and tears, on which the heart delights to dwell. Every memorial of their friendſhip is "pleaſant and mournful to the ſoul."

While the affluent are baſking in the ſun-ſhine of proſperity ; while the indolent are waſting their fleeting moments in diſſipation and inactivity ; and while the unfortunate are journeying over the rugged regions of ſorrow and diſappointment, let us occaſionally ſeclude ourſelves from the intruſion of ſecular concerns, devote an hour to ſerious contemplation, and by the purity of our intentions and the regularity of our conduct become prepared for a happier ſtate of exiſtence.

D.

Andover, April 1805.

SYLVA. No. 2.

Οἷχνη ἐπ' οἴχνῃ μῆλον δ' ἐπὶ μηλα,
Αὐταρ ἐπι σαφυλῇ σαφυλη, συκον δ' ἐπι συκῳ. HOM. ODYS. L. VII. 120.

I HAVE ſometimes thought, that it would be a delightful privilege to be admitted to the ſtudy of a man of genius; to behold him in the attitude of meditation, bending over the page, which he is ſtamping with immortality.

I imagine we ſhould behold in Milton, a countenance ſhaded by intenſity of reſearch and corrugated by the virulence of religious and political fanaticiſm, yet without having

> "loſt all its original brightneſs, or appearing
> Leſs than archangel."

While engaged in his mighty labours, I ſhould expect to find him forgetting all his bitterneſs, and the muſick of his numbers, like the harmony of his own fallen ſpirits, "ſuſpending hell." We ſhould ſee him collected and undazzled, elevated above ſolicitude by the conſciouſneſs, that he is *painting for eternity*.

In his arm-chair we ſhould ſee the ſhrivelled form of Pope, his eye as penetrating, as his body enfeebled and diminutive, on every feature written judgment, keenneſs, perſeverance, and activity. Sometimes however, I am afraid we ſhould ſee him biting his nails, while toiling over ſome reluctant and unmalleable idea; ſometimes reſorting to the volumes of his predeceſſors, dwelling on their beauties, till his thoughts become ſteeped in and tinged with theirs; and never, I imagine,* enjoying a full and unreſtrained flow of imagination.

* Except perhaps in the Rape of the Lock.

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GIFFORD'S JUVENAL.

THE beſt line which I find in this work, which in general has preſerved the ſenſe and dignity without much of the vigour, keenneſs, and ſpirit of the original, is the tranſlation of

Probitas laudatur et alget.
For virtue ſtarves—on univerſal praiſe.

This is exactly the line which Juvenal would have uſed had he written in Engliſh.

—

Bellua multorum capitium.

WHO would expect theſe lines from Milton, the unbluſhing defender of democracy and regicide.

What's the people, but a head confuſed,
A miſcellaneous rabble;
They praiſe and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
By them to be diſpraiſed were no ſmall praiſe. *Paradiſe Reg. B. III.*

But indeed there never was a man of ſenſe and taſte, and delicacy, who did not know that this ſentiment is true.

—

SIR W. JONES.

SIR Wm. Jones, among the objects of his all-graſping mind, contemplated a hiſtory of the American War on the model of Thucydides and Polybius. We can never ſufficiently regret, that death has deprived us of a work, which from ſuch a mind, would

have equally intereſted the man of the profoundeſt political ſcience, and the gayeſt wanderer among the roſes of literature.

—

MOORE,

THE tranſlator of Anacreon, is ſuch a poet as Paris was a warriour, blooming, voluptuous, and effeminate ; and like him prefers the meretricious charms of the goddeſs of love, to the dignity of Juno and the wiſdom of Minerva.

—

SOUTHEY.

Southey, with all his faults, is certainly a man of genius, and moſt truly a poet. There might be paſſages ſelected from his works, which would yield to none within the whole compaſs of Engliſh poetry. His invention is ever new, his fancy ever on the wing, and with magick hand he raiſes around him the iris, the roſe, and the jaſſmin in regions, which had hitherto been reſigned to hopeleſs ſterility. But there appears ſuch a perpetual ſtrain after novelty ; his imagination ſometimes indulges itſelf in ſuch contortions and grimaces, and his moſt "doleful matter" is ſometimes "ſo merrily ſet down," that he expoſes himſelf, and juſtly too, to the pity of the judicious, and the ſneer and witticiſm of the "mouſing owls" of literature.

—

KEPLER.

I WILL challenge you to produce from the records of rhetorick, a parallel to this figure of Kepler. When on the point of diſcovering his ſecond law of the planetary diſtances, he was for a time retarded by an apparent diſagreement between his theory and ſome motions of the moon. After he had diſcovered his errour, and completed his demonſtration, in all the exultation of joy he applied to her theſe lines of Virgil,

Malo me Galatea petit laſciva puella,
Et fugit ad ſalices et ſe cupitante videri.

The ſprightly Cynthia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen,
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes.

Pope's imitation of Ecl. 3.

There have been poets who, by a great exertion of the licenſe *quidlibet audendi*, have repreſented themſelves as in love with the moon ; but it was reſerved for the warm imagination of a mathematician to ſnatch ſuch a grace, as to repreſent the moon in love with him. Let us talk no more then of the dulneſs of mathematicks ; let us no longer blind ourſelves to the loves and graces of triangles, or refuſe to reliſh the more ſober, ſtaid, and philoſophick charms of anomalies, nodes, and ſyzygies.

—

HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

DR. Jortin, in his diſſertation on the ſtate of the dead, as deſcribed by Homer and Virgil, aſſerts that Homer was not the inventor of the mythology which he uſes. The truth of his conjecture has been demonſtrated by Sir Wm. Jones, who has ſhewn that the gods of India, Greece, and Italy have a common origin.

And this too, it may be added, deſtroys the argument which the deiſts have drawn from the theory of Monteſquieu, concerning the influence of climate on religious opinions.

—

GERMAN METAPHYSICKS.

In the Orlando Furioſo, one of the heroes take a journey to the moon in ſearch of the wits of Orlando. If he ſhould repeat his journey I wonder whether he would not find the wits of Kant, Fichte, Schilling, &c. They are certainly there or no where.

—

TIBULLUS.

There cannot be more exquiſite delicacy and tenderneſs diſplayed than in theſe lines,

Te ſpectem ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

A friend of mine, who leaves me doubtful whether moſt to admire the qualities of his underſtanding or the feelings of his heart, has given me the following tranſlation :—

When life on fluttering wing departing flies,
Thou kindly, ſadly, near my couch ſhall ſtand;
On thy lov'd form I'll reſt my cloſing eyes,
And graſp thee, dying, with a trembling hand.

—

Γηρασκω διδασκομενος.

I never feel more contented with life, than when I ſee an old man, who can ſay with the ancient, "I grow old, ſtill reliſhing knowledge." It is certain that we may preſerve the vigour of our powers as long as we will exerciſe them, and nothing ſurely can be more delightful, than to ſee a mind in green and animated old age, realizing, in a far nobler ſenſe, the prophecy of the poet, "Non omnis moriar." When the ſilver cord trembles and is ready to break, when the voice changes the muſick of its tones, for the feeble and faultering accents of ſecond infancy, when every charm and every grace is fallen and ſcattered...how delightful to ſee the mind ſurvive in undecaying youth and unaltered vigour!

THURSDAY LECTURE. No. 5.

From the Boſton Weekly Magazine, Vol. I. No. 15.

Matt. v. 5. *Bleſſed are the meek, for they ſhall inherit the earth.*

Long had the heathen philoſophers perplexed themſelves and their ſcholars in diſcuſſing the ſubject of the "chief good." Their opinions concerning it were contradictory and endleſs. One ſought it in riches, another in mirth, a third in revenge, a fourth in women, a fifth in conqueſt, a ſixth in liberty, and a ſeventh in fame. The ſage of Nazareth untutored by Socrates, and unlettered in the lore of Ariſtotle, expoſed the groſneſs of their errours, and by the radiance of his heavenly wiſdom diſpelled the clouds and darkneſs which enveloped their reaſonings. He taught his diſciple to look for the ſovereign happineſs not in the ſplendour of a court, but in the humble cottage of contentment; not in the diſſipations of the gay, but among the pupils of adverſity; not at the ta-

bles of the luxurious, but in the life of him who *eats of wiſdom's bread, and drinks of the wine which ſhe has mingled*; not in the indulgence of malevolent, but in that of the pacifick diſpoſitions; not,in ſhort, in the emoluments, diſtinctions, and pleaſures of ſenſual and ſelfiſh man, but in patience, humility, and moderation; in the acquiſition of that moral purity and that unfeigned benevolence, which conſtitute the felicity ofGod.

This doctrine, ſo aſtoniſhing and incredible in the eye of a corrupt and ſtupid world, carries proof of its divinity and truth to the heart of reflexion. How much happier, for example, are the MEEK believers in revelation, than proud infidels who contemn what they have never examined, and profane what they do not underſtand! How much happier the MEEK diſciples of Chriſt who calmly endure affliction, than froward fataliſts who gall themſelves with its yoke! How much happier the MEEK who are ſlow to anger and candid in conſtruction, than thoſe waſpiſh ſpirits who make a man *an offender for a word*; the MEEK who forgive an injury, than the wrathful duelliſt who cleanſes his honour in the blood of a companion; the MEEK who quietly enjoy, than the paſſionate who eagerly contend; the MEEK who by ſweetneſs of temper and gentleneſs of manners are always multiplying friends, than the petulant and moroſe who are always loſing them; the MEEK who prepare for trouble in the preſent world, which they conſider as a paſſage to a better, than the impetuous and violent ſons of ambition who are continually joſtled and bruiſed in a crowd of rivals, and ſtung by diſappointments, without a ray of conſolation or of hope from the light of the goſpel!

ARGENIS:

A ROMANCE, FROM THE LATIN OF BARCLAY.

Continued from p. 136.

NOTHING, continued Poliarchus, was now wanting to complete the crimes of the licentious and aſpiring Lycogenes, but open reſiſtance of his ſovereign. The growing murmurs of war at length awakened Meleander from his lethargy. He then for the firſt time felt for the honour of his name, and remembered why he had been placed upon the throne. Endued with powers as great as ever graced his elevated ſtation, intelligent and penetrating to an uncommon degree, and the dupe of nothing but his own feelings, ſuch was Meleander. It was reſerved for the baſeneſs of Lycogenes alone to call theſe virtues into exerciſe, and perhaps from this very circumſtance they acquired additional luſtre. His diſaffection had now aſſumed no "queſtionable ſhape"; but tho' the fate of the conſpiracy, then in its infancy, might have been eaſily decided, yet the generous Meleander, indulging perhaps a hope of his repentance, forbore for a while all acts of violence. But Lycogenes, diſdaining a dependence on the mercy of any one, immediately avowed his intentions. The king's daughter, the heireſs apparent of his immenſe poſſeſſions was unmarried.

Here he fixed the baſis of his hopes, and hence was drawn the conſtant ſupport of his ambition. He ſought her hand; and incredible, Archombrotus, as it may ſeem, attempted to obtain it by violence. On the banks of the Alabus, near its mouth, ſtands a caſtle, where ſhe uſually reſided. Thither he ſecretly diſpatched a band of deſperadoes with inſtructions to ſecure her, together with the king ſhould he chance to viſit the caſtle. His machinations however availed nothing. His emiſſaries periſhed in the attempt, and Meleander piouſly aſcribed his preſervation to the goddeſs of wiſdom. In grateful remembrance of her favours he ordered that the coin ſhould bear the impreſſion of her favourite bird of the night, and whether engaged in the ſolemnities of devotion, or enjoying the luxuries of the banquet, he is invariably crowned with nothing but the olive wreath. He moreover conſecrated to the goddeſs the ſervices of his daughter until her ſtate of celibacy ſhall terminate; and now at each returning feſtival, arrayed in the proper habit of her order, ſhe mingles in the train and officiates at the ſhrine of her tutelar divinity. But notwithſtanding theſe deeds, ſo remarkably pious, a civil war enſued. The treaſonable enterpriſe of Lycogenes was followed by a deſertion, neither wholly unexpected, nor partial or premature. As the motives of his reſiſtance, he aſſigned reaſons both of a publick and a private nature. Sometimes he repreſented himſelf the innocent victim of falſe accuſation, and the ſelected ſufferer of puniſhment he had never merited. Sometimes he pretended that the wrongs of the people were increaſed beyond endurance, and that redreſs ſhould be ſought in the deſtruction of thoſe who beguiled Meleander to ſuch oppreſſive cruelty. Every day ſaw new converts to his principles, and his party daily found new ſupporters. Oloodemus, Eriſthenes, Menocritus, all governours of the moſt powerful diviſions of the realm, became his confederates. Mere inſtability of character caſt many into the ranks of diſloyalty, but the art of Lycogenes, who like a true uſurper carefully diſſembled all his defects, allured a ſtill greater number to his banners. Theſe things flattered his vanity, and he proudly dared us to battle. The king, ſurrounded as he was by a numerous army, was little inclined to avoid a combat. Fifteen days ſince, our armies met not far hence on the banks of the Gelas. The conteſt was bloody, for they were not diſpirited by the badneſs of their cauſe, and we were animated by the patriotiſm of ours. At the cloſe of the day the king remained conqueror, and Lycogenes, to preſerve among his ſcattered troops ſome appearance of martial diſcipline, ſounded a retreat. Meleander, either ſatisfied with his victory alone and willing to ſpare a farther effuſion of the blood of his countrymen, or judging the night too favourable to unguarded attacks, forbore a purſuit. He might perhaps be deterred from committing the utter deſtruction of the fugitives to bands in which he could not confide, as he well knew their

leaders, his chief noblemen, to be the ſecret adherents of Lycogenes and like many more employed in ſervices other than undiſtinguiſhed and open warfare. The king was indeed encircled by the diſaffected, who fought his battles while their hearts were with his enemy. Such was the gloomy ſituation of Meleander, without confidence in his courtiers, betrayed in all his deſigns: to him the palace and the tent equally teemed with danger. In ſuch circumſtances, though he had gained a battle, yet he ardently wiſhed for peace. After a ſecret correſpondence between individuals of both armies, deputies arrived from Lycogenes with the pretended deſign of aſking permiſſion to bury their ſlain, but inſtructed to make ſome diſtant advances to an adjuſtment of differences. So favourably were their propoſals received, that, preſuming on our fears, they ventured to dictate the conditions of the truce. Meleander will, I think, embrace an accommodation on any terms, merely to diſperſe the partizans of Lycogenes, now aſſociated by articles of confederation, and to make a reunion next to impoſſible. He will then gain time, ſufficient to arrange new plans, and perhaps to ſee that faction falling to decay, either by its internal diſſentions, or its unpopularity, when preſent party prejudices ſhall ceaſe to operate, and its own erring adherents ſhall return from the irkſome works of ſedition to duty and loyal reſpect and affection. In our negociation with theſe proud and unforgiving enemies, I ſtood aloof. My age and origin I apprehended would excite much reſentment if the king ſhould require my aſſiſtance in a ſubject of ſuch national conſequence. I am like yourſelf, Archombrotus, a foreigner, and was induced to eſpouſe the cauſe of the king by nothing but his misfortunes, which ſhould be a ſolemn warning to nations never as they value peace, that makes every other bleſſing valuable, to permit licentiouſneſs to violate the ſacred majeſty of the ſovereign, or that ſovereign's goodneſs to be made the inſtrument of his deſtruction. During this negotiation, ſo unpleaſant to me, I have commenced a journey to Agrigentum merely with a deſign of gratifying my curioſity with a ſight of ſome ſuits of armour, there fabricated by a native of Lipara in the moſt perfect ſtyle of workmanſhip.

PAPERS ON DUELLING. No. 5.

MARESCHAL TURENNE.

It was well known of this hero, that his true heroiſm, for ſuch it really was, was only to be equalled by his ſolid and manly piety, equally remote upon the one hand from the ſuperſtitions of his own age, and, upon the other, the indifference of ours. In a court of gallantry, and in times when the point of honour, falſely ſo called, was preſerved in its full extravagance, the Marſhal was never known either to fight a duel, or to be engaged in an intrigue. The grace, the dignity, with which he once releaſed himſelf from an embarraſſment of this nature, will at once give an exact idea of what he was, and be a ſuf-

ficient anſwer to the favourite queſtion of the defenders of duelling, "how is it to be refuſed?"—Let this anecdote of Turenne anſwer them.

A young officer of noble family, and, in deſpite of what may be thought from the part of his conduct which follows, of real worth, imagined he had received an inſult from the Marſhal, and demanded ſatisfaction in the uſual forms. The Marſhal made no reply to his challenge; the officer repeated it ſeveral times, but the Marſhal ſtill maintained the ſame ſilence. Irritated at this apparent contempt, the officer reſolved to compel him to the acceptance of his invitation; for this purpoſe he watched him upon his walks, and at length met him in the publick ſtreet, accompanied by two other general officers: He hurried towards him, and to the aſtoniſhment and even terrour of all who ſaw him, ſpat in the Marſhal's face. Let us endeavour to form ſome conception of the groſſneſs of the inſult. The object of it was the great Turenne, a marſhal of France, and one of the greateſt generals that Europe has produced!—The companions of the Marſhal ſtarted back in amazement; the Marſhal, his countenance glowing with a ſenſe of indignity, ſeized the hilt of his ſword, and had already half unſheathed it, when to the aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators, he ſuddenly returned it into the ſcabbard, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, *Young man*, ſaid he, *could I wipe your blood from my conſcience with as much eaſe, as I can your ſpittle from my face, I would take your life on the ſpot. Go, Sir*—

Saying this, the Marſhal retired in all the majeſty of triumphant virtue. The young officer was ſo much ſtruck as well with his manner, as with his virtue, that he did not ceaſe till he had obtained the pardon of the Marſhal. Turenne afterwards became his patron, and under ſuch a predeceſſor he became almoſt the rival of his fame.

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CROMWELL'S EDICT.

The rebellion of England, and the protectorate of Cromwell, is perhaps one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed æras of hiſtory for the introduction of excellent laws, and a vigorous and inflexible execution of them. Two of thoſe, the navigation act, and that againſt duelling, deſerve all the praiſe which has been beſtowed on them. To the former in a great degree the nation is indebted for its commerce, and conſequent wealth; the latter needs only to have had an equal duration, and its fruits might have been of equal profit. This law, or rather ordinance of Cromwell, as protector, againſt duelling, is known to few but profeſſed lawyers; we therefore preſent it to our readers. We ſhould premiſe however that it is the only law in the whole code of Engliſh ſtatutes, which prohibits duelling by the expreſs mention of the word.

"CROMWELL, PROTECTOR.

"It is enacted, That if any perſon ſhould challenge, or cauſe to be challenged, or accept, or knowingly carry a challenge to fight a duel, he ſhall be committed to priſon without bail for ſix months, and find ſecurity for his

good behaviour for one whole year after. Perſons challenged, not diſcovering it in twenty-four hours afterwards, to be deemed acceptors. Fighting a duel, if death ſhall enſue, to be adjudged murder. The ſeconds, in the laſt caſe, to be deemed principals, and in every other to be baniſhed from the commonwealth for life, and to ſuffer death in caſe of return. CROMWELL."

Whitehall, 1654. A. S.

THE SCRAPIAD. No. 1.

"*A thing of ſhreds and patches.*"—SHAKE.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM, GAS.

VAN Helmont ſays (ſee Watſon's Chem. Eſſ. vol. iii. pp. 29, 30) that 62 pounds of oak charcoal will, by burning, yield only 1 lb. of white aſhes. The other 61 pounds which are diſperſed into the air, he conſiders as a vapour of an elaſtick nature, which can neither be collected in veſſels, nor reduced into a viſible form. This vapour he called by a new name, *gas*. On this word Dr. W. annexes the following note. Hunc ſpiritum, incognitum hactenus, novo nomine gas, voco, qui nec vaſis cogi nec incorpus viſibile reduci poteſt. Van Hel. Op. om. p. 103. Some derive gas from the Dutch ghoart-ſpirit; others from the German gaſcht, a frothy ebullition.

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COURT.

THE following advice, though poetically and prettily given, ſeems little needed in a country, whoſe democratick ſpirit makes courtiers of clowns and clowns of courtiers, or rather ſeeks to bring all claſſes ſcrambling in the dirt together. To the credit however of the ladies be it ſaid, they generally are the friends of heaven's firſt law.

Be wiſe in time, ye lovely fair, guard well
Your tender beauties from the blaſting taint
Of courtly gales. The delicate, ſoft tints
Of ſnowy innocence, the crimſon glow
Of bluſhing modeſty, there all fly off,
And leave the faded face no nobler boaſt,
Than well-rang'd, lifeleſs features.

—

ZEAL OF AN ANTIQUARY.

THE celebrated Vaillant, according to Monſ. Millin, was made priſoner by the Algerines, and was a ſubject of ſlavery for ſeveral months. Liberated at length he embarked for France with about twenty of the moſt valuable and unpubliſhed gold medals he had contrived to preſerve. In the midſt of the paſſage he was menaced with a new danger by a privateer, which gained on his veſſel. Inſenſible to his own ſituation, he dreaded nothing but the loſs of his medals; and, under this embarraſſment, came to the reſolution to ſwallow them. The privateer and the merchantman were ſeparated by a tempeſt, which caſt the latter on the coaſt of France. The veſſel was loſt; but Vaillant and ſome of the crew were ſaved in the boat. He now became ſenſible of his danger, and conſulted ſeveral medical men, who could not agree as to the remedy. Whilſt they were in doubt,

nature, the beſt of all phyſicians, interfered, and reſtored the medals to our antiquary. What was the courſe he took? He had ſcarcely publiſhed his new treaſures, when he ſat out to reviſit Egypt and Perſia, and to encounter new dangers in queſt of his object!

—

INAUGURATION DAY.

The Newyork Daily Advertiſer of the fifth of March laſt thus pleaſantly adverts to the quadrennial jubilee. Yeſterday, agreeably to the requeſt of the Common Council, the bells, and cannon, and colours, in and adjoining the city, celebrated with every demonſtration of gladneſs of which they are capable, the inauguration of the Preſident and Vice-Preſident. The utmoſt harmony and decorum, we are happy to ſay, obtained on this grand occaſion, as every body ſeemed diſpoſed to mind his buſineſs, and leave thoſe harmleſs inſtruments of joy to keep *gaudeamus* entirely to themſelves.

—

HIS LAST BREATH.

About an hour before Malherbe died, he awaked, as it were from a trance, to correct his nurſe for ſpeaking bad French. For this flightineſs his confeſſor reprimanded him. "You talk to no purpoſe," replied he, "I will defend the purity of the French tongue with *my laſt breath*."

By an odd kind of aſſociation this anecdote brings to my mind another of a young flute-player, named Harmonides, who, Lucian relates, at his firſt publick appearance in the Olympick games, to ſurpriſe and elevate the audience, began a ſolo with ſo violent a blaſt, that he *breathed his laſt breath into his flute*, and died on the ſpot.

—

REGIT NUMMIS ANIMOS.

An antiquarian friend, handing me the following anecdote, the other day, looked ſo gravely at the moment, and gave it me with ſuch an air of caution, that I ſhould fear to meet him, were I not to preſerve with it every particle of its ruſt.

In the year 1741, a medal was ſtruck of Sir Robert Walpole, then prime miniſter, by that ingenious artiſt, the late Mr. Laurence Natter.

On one ſide of it was repreſented the head of Sir Robert, in profile, with this inſcription round it, ROBERTVS WALPOLE, ORD · PERISCELIDIS EQVES. On the other, the Figure of Marcus Tullius Cicero, with part of a verſe out of Virgil, as a motto, above it, REGIT DICTIS ANIMOS.

A wag of thoſe days, who was by no means ſatisfyed with the propriety of the inſcriptions upon the medal, nor with the figure upon the reverſe of it; wrote a humourous ballad upon the occaſion, entitled, "The Medalliſt, or the biter bit;" and prefixed to it a print of the medal, with the following his own legends upon it. *Face*, NEGOCIATOR PRAECEPS PER ORBEM DICOR. *Reverſe*, REGIT NVMMIS ANIMOS.

Some years after, Mr. Natter being in Denmark, and dining one day at the table of Count Moltke, the then prime miniſter there, that medal was ſpoken of, and the *variorum* for the reverſe of it, which occaſioned much laughter to the company, and a

digreſſion on the methods of *managing* in Parlaments in England. One of them at length ſaid, that the verſe might be made out, and out he made it to their general ſatisfaction,

REGIT NVMMIS ANIMOS,
ET NVMMIS REGITVR IPSE.

With theſe *variorums* the medal lieth in ſeveral cabinets, both at home and abroad ; as in like manner, to like end, will lie, it is hoped, in future ages, the medals of all ſuch prime miniſters, favorites of wicked or weak Kings, however ſet forth, who ſhall dare to tamper with *the publick treaſure and offices*, and to corrupt with them the Legiſlators.

Runie Med, ap. 14, 67

For the Monthly Anthology.

MR. EDITOR,

I CONSIDER the variety, for which your publication is remarkable, not only as eſſential to the character, but a pleaſing ornament, of a periodical work. I have therefore been ſurprized at hearing a few perſons complain, that the Anthology contained ſome things of little or no importance. On farther attention to the matter, I found that thoſe articles of which they complained were ſuch only, as were unintereſting to themſelves and a ſimilar claſs of readers ; and that thoſe were the very parts of the publication, moſt highly gratifying to an equal number of readers of a different taſte.

One perſon perhaps cares nothing about meteorology ; but another may be exceedingly curious on that ſubject. A neighbour of mine diſlikes to ſee in your pages Preſident's Meſſages, Governour's Speeches, &c. becauſe he has read them in the newſpapers ; but another of my neighbours views them as valuable ſtate papers, which ought to be preſerved in ſome repoſitory, to which recurrence may be eaſily had. A number of your ſubſcribers probably never read that part of your work, in which new publications are reivewed ; but in the opinion of others this is the moſt valuable part of the publication. Literary gentlemen are not only pleaſed with this department, but they think great benefit muſt occur to the cauſe of literature in the community from a critical and judicious review. For myſelf I think this part of the country has long needed a work of the kind. Attempts to eſtabliſh an American Review, in other ſections of the United States, have hitherto failed, much to the regret of learned men. A multitude of books of different deſcriptions have been impoſed on the publick, which do no honour to our literary character. Some of theſe probably would never have ſeen the light, had their authors contemplated an impartial ſcrutiny. The Boſton Review, at leaſt, bids fair to operate as a ſalutary check on ignorance and vice, and to be an antidote to an itch for bookmaking, of which ſome perſons ſeem poſſeſſed, who have much to learn, and little wherewith to inſtruct the community.

On the whole, the complaint which it is the deſign of theſe

obſervations to ſilence, muſt forever lie againſt all periodical publications. No ſingle reader, nor ſingle claſs of readers, it ſeems to me, has a right to expect perfect pleaſure in every communication. The nature of your work almoſt neceſſarily forbids it; and I cannot but conclude with a repetition of the ſentiment, that the variety againſt which ſome perſons object, is in reality a high recommendation of the Monthly Anthology.

OBSERVATOR.

March, 1805.

THE SOLDIERS: A BRITISH TALE.

Continued from p. 143.

THE utopia of her uncle's cottage formed her ideas of the world; ſhe knew not what ſorrow was. She wept when her uncle looked ſad; but this ſympathy of nature, this melting tenderneſs, was a luxury not unpleaſing to her, and by compariſon gave a vivacity to her more pleaſurable feelings. She ſeized with ſurpriſing avidity the knowledge her uncle imparted; her fancy was chaſte and ſportive, which rendered her infinitely amuſing: no factitious reſtraint prevented her ſaying all that occurred to her mind.

She had a natural correctneſs of thought on thoſe ſubjects within her knowledge that appeared to flow ſpontaneouſly from truth, and which ſhe expreſſed in a way that prevented your wiſhing an idea or expreſſion changed, for fear they ſhould be leſs juſt, or leſs pleaſing. The uncorrupted mind has a natural promptitude to juſt deciſion, when unchained by thoſe rules which art has forged. Antonia knew none.

Rodolpho, during the ſilence of the ſolitary, contemplated her countenance with a lively intereſt; the ſingularity of his meeting her, that was tinged with the glowing colour of romance; the beauty of the fair one, the language and manner of the recluſe, impreſſed his mind with ſenſations to which he could give no name; he wiſhed to hear more, that he might be at liberty to ſpeak; he feared the morn would arrive ere he had heard all; he longed to ſpeak of the melody that harmoniſed his ſoul, while in danger of effects from the rage of the elements, but he could not intrude a queſtion or an obſervation; the look of the recluſe was mournful; Antonia was ſilent. In a few minutes ſhe roſe to put freſh fuel to the fire.

Rodolpho roſe; "let me aſſiſt you," ſaid he. "It is a pleaſure to me, I thank you," returned Antonia, "I always mend the fire, my uncle ſays it burns more cheerfully." It blazed brightly, as if to confirm the opinion: its light rouſed the recluſe.

Again he addreſſed Rodolpho: "Your countenance has revived feelings in their full force, that I have been ſeven years trying to ſubdue: there is, I am convinced, a ſubtile attraction in ſome men, that impels them with irreſiſtible force to regard each other; this morn I was ſenſible of that attraction to you; why may there not be an arcana in human feeling beyond the power of human ſolution, for we were abſolute ſtrangers?

"My departure this morning

was abrupt and uncivil, in return for that urbanity you diſplayed, and by being unexpected was forcibly felt, and deeply impreſſed on my mind.

"Antonia firſt diſcovered the glitter of your fixed bayonets; 'twas a new object to her ſight; but ſhe had read of the calamities of war, and her untutored mind ſtarted at the idea of its being realiſed in the perſon of her uncle. Affrighted, ſhe anxiouſly beſought me to fly; I did not; but prevailed on her and the negro ſervant to retire to a ſmall receſs we have formed in the wood, the approach to which eludes a ſtranger's obſervation. I met you, and the anxiety of my looks, which muſt have been evident, were occaſioned by ſeeing Antonia through the foliage of the trees in extreme anxiety and apprehenſion: her fears for my ſafety were too lively to be reſtrained, and I was too apprehenſive that myſtery might ſully her name, who muſt one day enter a world I had left, to allow her appearing. I quitted you, quietted her fears, and returned to the cottage. You were departed, I was diſappointed; the few lines you left, exhibited, I conceived, the man of feeling; hurt at being miſtaken, I wiſhed for an opportunity of undeceiving you without the hope of obtaining one; chance has afforded it me.

"Your meeting me in this wood muſt have excited your curioſity; it has been evident, it awakened your ſenſibility. There is room for unfavourable concluſions; every man of genuine integrity owes it to himſelf to withdraw the veil of myſtery, when in his power, that events may have caſt over his name; and this helpleſs orphan's claims are ſtill ſtronger and more tender: ſhe may ſuffer from being my companion, though withdrawn from the ſociety of *man*.

"Experience firſt taught me his capabilities, while ſilent I was endeavouring to arrange events that are deeply impreſſed, and will never be forgotten. I attempted it, but the mind is not always ſufficiently ſelf-poſſeſſed to endure a clear and connected reminiſcence of the paſt; we muſt pauſe to collect fortitude. With the riſing of the ſun you will quit me; but I firſt wiſh, if I have your leave, to unfold circumſtances, that will explain why myſelf and this dear girl have withdrawn from ſociety. Once my breaſt roſe to meet and ameliorate the ſorrows of man."

"I have every reaſon," ſaid Rodolpho, "to conclude the ſame fellow feeling ſtill prompts your actions; all I ſee excites my wonder; all I hear my admiration; and I regret, that a man formed for ſociety, ſhould hide qualities, that might be uſeful and adorn it, in a wilderneſs.

"It is poſſible," returned the recluſe, "that before I conclude my brief hiſtory, you will ſhut your heart againſt me. Buſy, reſtleſs man, makes little allowance for the man of feeling, though his errours often originate in his virtues."

"I am ſincerely diſpoſed to hear with the deepeſt intereſt—I frankly own I have the moſt lively wiſh, and your hint of accounting for what I ſee was very grateful to my heart," ſaid Rodolpho. "I feel the attraction you flattered me with; the night is not far

ſpent, let me not depart uninformed to whom I am ſo much indebted."

Rodolpho looked at the recluſe, who made an inclination of his head, and thus addreſſed Antonia:

"You are going to hear of a world of which you know but little, and that by report only: to have diſſolved the ſweet conceptions of innocence before it was really neceſſary, would have been cruel.

"In theſe ſhades, you have felt the ſweets of native virtue, and I truſt its influence will be immutable. The impulſes of uncorrupted nature are confirmed by habit, and will become more dear to you, when compared to actions as oppoſite in their nature, as deſtructive in their conſequences, and which the world preſents to the view of inexperienced innocence, when they are caſt into its abſorbing vortex. Then, Antonia, you will feel the value of that virtue ſo dear to the human heart, that, when her form forſakes us, we purſue her ſhadow. Vice will not require the force of language to render it odious in your eyes, and incongruous to your feelings.

"Your danger, my dear Antonia, will ariſe from the amiable credulity of inexperienced virtue. It is the ſpecious, the flagitious, you muſt be taught to dread. How is that knowledge to be imparted without contracting the heart, and diſſolving the charm of innocence by infuſing ſuſpicion! But it muſt be; as the world is at preſent conſtituted, ſafety only is in caution, in ſuſpicion; the latter was a gueſt in my early days I would not admit, and my peace was a martyr to the lacerating experience of deception, that has driven me (to avoid its repetition) to this wilderneſs for ſhelter.

"Your tenderneſs, your felicitous diſpoſitions, that have ſeized with fervour whatever I have addreſſed to your taſte and fancy, your voice, which is modulated to my heart, has, while it charmed and ſoothed me, awoke fears for your future fate beyond the power of my philoſophy to quell."

"Do not grieve for me my dear uncle," replied Antonia, "the God you have taught me to love and worſhip, and whoſe power and kindneſs every leaf that trembles at the breeze, as well as every ſtar which glitters in the firmament, makes manifeſt he will be my guardian, when it pleaſes him to remove you to the world of glory you have taught me to aſpire after. I will treaſure your counſel in my heart. I will love the good, and pity the erring; and he will be my guardian and protector."

She preſſed her uncle's hand to her heart, looked cheerfully in his face—he returned the preſſure, and a ſmile for a moment animated his features.

Rodolpho was ſilent, but his mind had ample food for obſervation and feeling. His paſſions were not "kindled by the lightning of a glance, nor warmed by the full aſſemblage of beautiful features only; but the alliciency of beauty, the melting tenderneſs of a heart pure in its laſt receſſes," gently ſlided into his; and during the pauſe the recluſe made, his heart whiſpered what an exquiſite pleaſure it would be to lead ſuch a creature as Antonia through the world! And "God

abandoned" muſt that man be, who would wiſh to ſpot ſo fair an impreſſion of his works.

The recluſe continued..."in this ſolitude I have habituated my mind to the ſelfiſh philoſophy that infuſes ſtubbornneſs, while the fortitude that gives patience has eluded my graſp. Conſuming in this ſolitary grove ſeven years, I have been reaſoning, but could not, as I hoped, forget for one moment to feel—I ſtrove againſt nature; the unnatural combat has nearly exhauſted my frame, without relieving my heart.

"Your appearance and manner have rouſed my long dormant philanthrophy; my mind ſeems recovering a degree of elaſticity; its contractions expand; its affections renew; but it is too late. I wander.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

The writer of the following lines (the ſame we preſume who communicated the piece entitled "Dominus providebit" in our laſt number) has cauſed us no little trouble in correcting his falſe quantities. Of ſimilar faults in the other piece we forbore to complain; and as they were few, ſilently corrected them; but in the preſent there were ſo many negligences entirely unpardonable in any one who pretends to write latin verſe, that nothing, but a ſincere deſire to encourage whatever wears the appearance of claſſical learning, could have perſuaded us to prepare it for inſertion. When we ſolicit contributions from verſifiers in any language, we expect that they, and not we, ſhould take care of their proſody.

AD VIRUM CLARISSIMUM
HERSCHELIUM.

CUM tua te genitrix vitaï ferret in auras,
Dictaretque tibi proſpera fata parens,
Adſtiterant Muſæ, plorantemque una Sororum
Excipit, et dulci collinit ora favo:
Quærenti Uraniæque foret quod amabile nomen
Huic, Herſchelius eſt agnomen puero.
Ille olim, dixit, cœli Septemplicis orbes,
Signa minora polo fixaque ſidera
Metiri, occaſum atque ortum ſignare docebit,
Aſtrorum, et quidquid lucidus orbis habet.
Ille vagos ſcribet Phœbi, Lunæque labores,
Et quo pigra modo plauſtra Bootis eant.
Ille Syracuſium vincet ſenem ingenio, nam
Sidus inauditum (ſic Muſa) aſpiciet.
Herſchelî clare, ſtant vota tuæ rata Divæ;
Illa jubet, juſſus tu fac eſſe ratos.
Tu nos alta doces magni miracula mundi,
Et fata quæ nobis flammea ſigna notant;
Quadrifidum et variis habitatum gentibus orbem,
Quoque jacent mundi climate regna doces.
Dî dent pro tantis meritis, tibi, docte Herſchelî,
Annos ut liceat cernere Neſtoreos;
Notaque tam ſerò repetas feliciter aſtra,
Quam tibi pro meritis docta juventa favet.

L.

MORNING.
AN ODE.

QUEEN of the gentle ſmile and roſeate gleam,
Sweet ſmiling herald of a brighter beam,
To count the varied charms
That to thy reign belong
Supplies the muſick of my uncouth ſong.
Oft have I climb'd the rough cragg's lofty height,
To catch the luſtre of thy earlieſt ray:

Attentive trac'd thee from thy glimmering light
To where thy mildneſs mingled with the day.

O'er the blue hills the miſts reluctant glide,
The night-nurs'd children, from the vale below;
The mellow proſpect ſmiling far and wide,
And the weſt bright'ning with the orient glow.

The ſmoke, ſlow circling, from the cottage rife,
The humble emblem of a virtuous mind,
That, while it ſoars to ſeek its native ſkies
Leaves a bright cheering influence behind.

At thy approach the waking worlds rejoice;
Borne on the boſom of the healthful gale
Floats the wild muſick of the warbler's voice,
While Echo bids thee welcome in the vale.

The hum induſtrious of the village train,
The ploughboy's whiſtle, and the milkmaid's ſong,
That claim'd the nodding tribute of the nodding ſwain,
Or check'd the woodman as he jogg'd along.

The ſofter muſick of the paſtoral lay,
A while ſubmitting to the horn's ſhrill ſound,
Rouſing by turns the ſprightly lambkin's play,
The eager courſer, or the fleeting hound.

Theſe various charms thy ſeaſon brings,
While, grateful to my eye,
Within my breaſt a tranſport ſprings,
Art never can ſupply.

Thy mien preſents the virgin's ſmile
To ſubtilty unknown;
Who thinks each heart devoid of guile
And ſpotleſs as her own.

In every blooming grace attir'd;
Unmindful that her ſparkling eye
Had all the villain's boſom fir'd,
And brew'd the ſtorm of miſery.

So thy ſmile mingling with the golden light
That dries the roſe's dewy tears away;
Shall, from the earth and ſtream it gilds, excite
A dark'ning vapour to obſcure thy ray.

Queen of the gentle dews and roſeate gleam,
Sweet ſmiling herald of the brighter beam;
Firſt attir'd in habit grey
Driving murky miſts away,
Then with richeſt colouring on,
To receive the golden ſun;

In that receſs, unhallow'd feet muſt fly,
With pureſt luſtre ſteal o'er beauty's mien;
And, if not jealous of her ſparkling eye,
Oh bid her come to contemplate the ſcene.

And though thou canſt not emulate her mind,
Yet, while array'd with charms ſo like her own,
The humbl'd maid perhaps will be more kind,
And find perfection is not her's alone.

If here, beneath the mountain's brow,
Sequeſter'd from the buſy hives
That toil for fame, and find that wo
Is all the meed ambition gives;

Far from the city's noiſe and ſtrife,
From all its pleaſurable pain;
Oh could I paſs my ſecret life,
Calm as the ſeaſon of thy reign!

To ſcan the volume nature ſhould unfold
And the gay landſcapes that its page adorn,
Whither my conſtant, earlieſt ſteps ſhould hold
To gaze, and greet the mellow charms of morn. &c.

ODE TO MODESTY.

Nymph of the downcaſt eye,
Sweet bluſhing modeſty,
Whoſe mien ſupplies the muſick of the tongue,
Thy charms were ſtill delay'd,
Thy beauties unportray'd,
Though Fancy pencil'd while the Muſes ſung.

More lovely to my ſight
Than Morn's returning light
That wakes the lowly dew-encumber'd roſe ;
Or mingling into day,
With bright and purer ray,
Its mellow luſtre o'er the landſcape throws.

Oh thou the more admir'd,
When ſeeming moſt retir'd,
Who far from pomp and grandeur lov'ſt to dwell ;
Thou who art oftner ſeen
Upon the village green,
Or in the cottage, or the humbler cell.

Come, ſweet nymph, and bring with thee
Thy ſiſter, dear *Simplicity*.

Come, gentle exile of Patana's ſhore,
And draw the veil by faſhion rent aſide,
Forbid each eye promiſcuous to explore
Thoſe latent beauties Nature meant to hide.

Blume the cheek that recently diſplay'd
At once the lily's and the morning's glow ;
E'en in thy abſence health begins to fade,
And ſee the crimſon yielding to the ſnow.

And when thou com'ſt, more grateful than the Spring,
Crown'd with green garlands, after Winter's reign ;
With all thy bleſſings this inſtruction bring,
And let the moral echo round the plain.

Thoſe charms ſo fair were far more lovely ſtill,
If obvious only to the mental eye.
Thoſe beauties, form'd the raviſh'd heart to thrill,
Expos'd to all will ſoon that power deny.

Thoſe ſmiles, ſo open to the vulgar ſight,
Were ſoon unheeded as the mid-day beam ;
That boſom gives more exquiſite delight
Conceal'd—and throbbing but in fancy's dream.

Arabia's perfumes laviſh'd on the breeze
Soon grow familiar to the fated ſenſe,
And each attempt that beauty makes to pleaſe,
Devoid of modeſty, but gives offence.

The lofty fruit, that toil to reach demands,
Acquir'd, a richer recompence beſtows;
And the rude thorn, that guards from vulgar hands,
But gives a higher value to the roſe.

&.

LINES

On the Elm Tree, which for many years has been the ornament of Court-ſtreet, and was cut down in the beginning of this month.

YON mutilated trunk but late
The faireſt Elm tree rais'd,
That e'er adorn'd the rural ſtate,
Or e'er by bard was prais'd.

'Twas there I ſtood, when on my mind
A voice exulting broke,
Which pierc'd its branch's ſtubborn rind,
And thus triumphant ſpoke.

" Where art's ambitious reign preſumes
To curb mild nature's ſway,
Above the towers and ſhining domes,
My verdant honours play.

" With foes beleaguer'd ſtill my race
Holds footing in the land :—
Lo, like a caſtle here I grace
The city's midmoſt ſtand :

" Confiding in whoſe ſheltering care,
From diſtant grove and glade
Shall all the woodland ſpirits dare
Its hoſtile ſtreets invade.

" The feather'd race ſhall hither throng,
Obedient to my call ;
And pour in choirs the foreſt ſong
From every echoing wall.

" The noiſy artiſt's grating ſound,
The lawyer's pedant phraſe,
The merchant's cant ſhall ceaſe around,
And liſt to rural lays.

" The priſoner from his grate ſhall view
My green tops flouriſh fair,
And bleſs each bird upon the bough,
Whoſe ſong beguiles his care.

" She, on the gently waving bough,
Shall build the frequent neſt,
And be at peace, while all below
Unquiet ſcenes moleſt.

" And as feign'd oracles of yore
The delphick laurel ſhook,
And voices ſtrange at midnight hour
Have through my branches ſpoke,

" The pilgrim bard ſhall oft again
Beneath my ſhadow ſtop;
And heard by him, the myſtick ſtrain
Shall wake the cheering hope.

" While one green offspring of the grove
Shall in this town abide,
Shall poetry and ſpotleſs love
Find dwellings there beſide;

" And as my glowing branches tower
Above the ſtructures proud,
One day reſtor'd to priſtine power
Shall he contemn the crowd."

Alas, how vain the high pretence!
The blaſted ſpot behold.—
The boaſtful Elm lies ſcatter'd hence,
Like murder'd beauty cold.

What demon ſpoke the fatal word
That fell'd it to the ground?
No Tancred with his heaven-lent ſword
Could give the impious wound.

'Twas av'rice—av'rice' cruel arm,
Its fall lamented brought;
The love of wealth's more potent charm
Than e'er Amida wrought.

And therefore I will hate the man,
His taſteleſs mind deteſt,
Who firſt conceiv'd the ruthleſs plan,
Or wrought the deed unbleſt.

Ye rural virtues flee the town,
Ye ſimple manners flee;
Your laſt ſtronghold was broken down
When fell that beauteous tree.

Sure, nature heard the ſtern command
To leave it on that day;
The ancient habits of the land
To pride and art gave way.

For by this Elm's ſad overthrow
I'll fix the gloomy date,
When times ſhall hard and evil grow,
And man lament his fate.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

Concluded.

He that gets patience, and the bleſſing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not loſt his pains.

He that by being at church eſcapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves Gods abode, and to combine
With ſaints on earth, ſhall one day with them ſhine.

Jeſt not at preachers language or expreſſion:
How knowſt thou but thy ſinnes made him miſcarrie?
Then turn thy faults and his into confeſſion:
God ſent him, whatſoe're he be: O tarry,
And love him for his Maſter: his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Phyſician.

None ſhall in hell ſuch bitter pangs endure,
As thoſe who mock at Gods way of ſalvation.
Whom oyl and balſames kill, what ſalve can cure?
They drink with greedineſſe a full damnation.
The Jews refuſed thunder; and we, folly.
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy.

Summe up at night what thou haſt done by day;
And in the morning what thou haſt to do.
Dreſſe and undreſſe thy ſoul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both: ſince we ſhall be
Moſt ſurely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleaſures as they come, but go.
Deferre not the leaſt vertue: lifes poore ſpan
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

THE BOSTON REVIEW,

For APRIL, 1805.

BY FAIR DISCUSSION TRUTHS IMMORTAL FIND.....*HUMPHREYS.*

ARTICLE 23.

Diſcourſes on Davila. A ſeries of papers on political hiſtory. Written in the year 1790, *and then publiſhed in the Gazette of the United States. By an American Citizen.* Boſton. Ruſſel & Cutler. 1805. 8*vo. pp.* 248.

THE eighteenth century was remarkable for its literature and revolutions. It contributed more than the preceding to the developement of general truth, and though the tremendous deſtruction of royalty and religion in France will mark it with an horrible blot, its various excellencies will forever excite gratitude and admiration. During that period the condition of the human race was not only improved, but it was tending as rapidly to a high degree of perfection, as the weakneſs and wickedneſs of man will allow.

In Europe we more particularly diſcovered the good effects of the laſt century. Every empire, kingdom, and republick ſeemed to have acquired a great degree of happineſs in the courſe of a few years, rather by ſome ſudden impulſes, than by a laborious accumulation of ordinary improvements. This is a fact, which the nations knew to be true, though their writers have taken little pains in explaining its cauſes and tendency. In ſome of the ſtates liberty was enjoyed in as great a degree, as is conſiſtent with order; and where this great bleſſing was little known, the nations derived much happineſs from their immemorial cuſtoms and uſages, which were gaining the certainty of law; from the extenſion of knowledge, which teaches us the ſupply of our wants; from the dignity, ſplendour, charity, and munificence of their princes, ariſtocracy, and clergy, who corrected what they could not reform; and from the great revolution, which was taking place in the breaſt of ſovereigns, who began to perceive and to feel, that their power was commenſurate with the proſperity of the people.

This progreſs towards national felicity was fatally arreſted by the French revolution. Advocates are indeed found, who repreſent this event, as the moſt glorious in the hiſtory of the world; and who endeavour to eſtabliſh its neceſſity from a ſurvey of the previous ſyſtem of European politicks; and to ſeek its beneficial effects in the delivery of France from feudal and eccleſiaſtical tyranny, and in its reſtoration to a due preponderance in the balance of power. But this on examination is found to be falſe and hollow. The revolution was not juſtified by neceſſity; and its happy reſults are leſs than vanity, compared with its horrours and its crimes. Beſides the introduction of an atheiſtical and rebellious philoſophy, the transfer of the ſceptre from the houſe of

Bourbon to that of Bonaparte with all its effects, either conſequential or collateral, will have finally operated ſuch changes, as a century will not be able to remedy.

In this ſituation of human affairs it becomes the duty of every one to exert his talents for the preſervation of what exiſts, and the renewal of what is paſt. This can be effected only by a ſteady, ſober, and religious application of our minds to the developement and ſettling of firſt principles in morals and politicks. Much, perhaps moſt, of the excellence of the paſt century, aroſe from the writings of Locke, Monteſquieu, Vattel, Burlamaqui, and other national writers, whoſe noble views and enlarged ſpeculations extended round the horizon, and took in the whole nature of man. It is true indeed that Voltaire, Prieſtley, Condorcet, and the bloody banditti of atheiſts, almoſt obliterated the benignant influence of the former claſs; yet wiſdom and energy may ſtill ſupport the falling ruin, and perhaps may add ſome goodly ſtones to the foundation.

In America, where great happineſs is the portion of every one, writers have not been regardleſs of their high duty in fixing fundamental principles. If they have not diſcourſed much on œcumenical politicks, they have illuſtrated the nature of our different conſtitutions, and have thereby thrown much light on the nature and condition of man. In this claſs are particularly to be mentioned Adams on the American conſtitutions, the Federaliſt, by Hamilton, and to theſe we now add with pleaſure the author of "Diſcourſes on Davila."

Davila was a native of Cyprus. He flouriſhed during the reigns of Henry III. and IV. of France, and died in 1634. At Venice he wrote in Italian his celebrated hiſtory of the French civil wars in fifteen books from the death of Henry II. 1559 to the peace of Vervins in 1598. In France he was particularly diſtinguiſhed by the favour of Catharine of Medicis; and accordingly in his writings he has favourably repreſented the actions of that celebrated woman. The hiſtory abounds with profound political remarks, and has been admired by all ſtateſmen and negociators for depth of reſearch and extent of obſervation. As it treats of the internal politicks of a great kingdom, during a very remarkable period, it is particularly adapted for commentary. The author of the diſcourſes has therefore wiſely choſen Davila for the ſubject of his remarks. He condenſes the narration, and interſperſes various political opinions, ſometimes in regard to the affairs of the period treated of, but generally directing their view either to the operations of the national aſſembly of France in an early ſtage of the revolution, or elſe to certain immutable principles in morals and politicks. Though theſe diſcourſes were firſt publiſhed in the Gazette of the United States, during the years 1790 and 1791, yet they have very properly been collected into a durable volume; for their object is neither tranſitory nor unimportant; as the author, by an elaborate inquiry into the nature of the human mind,

and by a ſurvey of the politicks of France during a very ſtormy age, has endeavoured to eſtabliſh the neceſſity of forming various checks and balances in every government ; of uniting and yet oppoſing the one, the few, and the many, and of making the love of diſtinction, with all its modifications, ſubſervient to good government and general felicity.

In the firſt diſcourſe the author very properly gives a ſhort account of the Franks, their conqueſt and ſettlement in Gaul, their fundamental Salick laws, and the origin of the houſes of Bourbon and Valois. It is however incorrectly inſinuated, that the name of "Franks" is original ; but it ſhould be obſerved, that this appellation is not to be found in the work of Tacitus " de moribus Germanorum" ; and the truth is, that "Franks" is ſynonimous with "freemen," and that it was adopted by the Cheruſci, the Catti, the Bructeri, and other German nations, who about 150 years after the age of Tacitus aſſembled on the banks of the Sala, preparatory to the invaſion of Gaul, and entered into a league called "Francicum fœdus." The account of the Salick laws is perhaps equally incorrect ; for the author ſays, "theſe laws, propoſed by their prieſts, whom they named Salians, and inſtituted in the fields which take their name from the river Sala, were originally called Salique laws" ; but moſt hiſtorians have agreed that theſe fundamental regulations take their name from a people called Salians, though not mentioned by Tacitus ; and *they were made certainly* by the lords or nobility who, at the time of their enaction, governed the Franks ; and this appears concluſively from the preface to the Salick law, a moſt rare and curious monument of antiquity. "Gens Francorum inclyta, auctore Deo condita, fortis in armis, firma pacis fœdere, profunda in conſilio, corpore nobilis et incolumis, candore et forma egregia, audax, velox et aſpera, nuper ad Catholicam fidem converſa, immunis ab hæreſi. Dum adhuc teneretur barbarie, inſpirante Deo inquirens ſcientiæ clavem, juxta morem ſuarum qualitatum deſiderans juſtitiam, cuſtodiens pietatem, *dict averunt Salican legem proceres ipſius gentis, qui tunc temporis apud eamdem erant rectores.*"

A regular narrative commences from the reign of Francis I. The elevation and depreſſion of the Bourbons, their intrigues and misfortunes, are delineated ; and their hiſtory furniſhes us with a ſad and remarkable example of the evils reſulting from the dependence of the judges on the executive : for the conſpiracy of Charles of Bourbon, with all its effects, is to be traced to his indignation at the ſecret influence and manœuvres practiſed by the chancellor Duprat, through the king's orders, in the courſe of a law ſuit commenced by Louiſa of Savoy againſt Charles, for the poſſeſſion of the duchy of Bourbon. Charles was killed at the taking of Rome ; the reſt of the family, with Charles of Vendome at the head, retired from court, and refuſed all places and honours. Here the diſcourſer obſerves, that "the ſame cauſes produce the ſame effects. The

late revolution in France opened a proſpect to the royal family not very different from that in 1515. Though the merits and injuries of Orleans may not be compared to thoſe of a conſtable de Bourbon, yet the paſſions of a prince of the blood of the ſecond order, may hereafter be painted by another Davila."

On the depreſſion of the Bourbons aroſe the two ambitious families of the Guiſes and Montmorencies, and, as a ſpecimen of the author's talents for character painting, we are happy to inſert the account of the latter houſe.

The family of Montmorency produces Titles, which prove its deſcent, by an uninterrupted ſucceſſion, from one of the principal Grandees who accompanied Pharamond in his firſt expedition. It has the glory of having been the firſt French houſe which received baptiſm and the Chriſtian Faith. The memory of this diſtinction is preſerved in the motto of their arms, *God help the firſt Chriſtian Baron;* a ſplendid teſtimony both of the antiquity and religion of their anceſtors. Anne of Montmorency, who united a vaſt genius, directed by prudence, to a grave and impoſing deportment—who combined a ſingular addreſs to a patience never to be exhauſted in the intrigues and affairs of the Court, which change ſo often their aſpect, ſprung from this ſtock.—His high qualities merited the confidence of Francis 1ſt. After having paſſed through all the military gradations of the State, he was at firſt elevated to the dignity of Grand Maſter of the King's houſehold, and after the death of the Duke of Bourbon, to that of *Conſtable*—in one word he concentered in his perſon, the command of armies, and the principal adminiſtration of all the affairs, civil and political, of the kingdom.

In the hiſtory of the rivalſhip of the houſes of Lorrain and Montmorency, we applaud the political remarks, though the truth of the metaphyſical foundation of inequality is very queſtionable.

Nature, which has eſtabliſhed in the univerſe a chain of being and univerſal order, deſcending from Arch Angels to microſcopick animalcules, has ordained that no two objects ſhall be perfectly alike, and no two creatures perfectly equal. Although among men, all are ſubject by nature to *equal laws* of morality, and in ſociety have a right to *equal laws* for their government, yet no two men are perfectly equal in perſon, property, underſtanding, activity and virtue—or ever can be made ſo by any power leſs than that which created them; and whenever it becomes diſputable between two individuals, or families, which is the ſuperiour, a fermentation commences, which diſturbs the order of all things, until it is ſettled, and each one knows his place in the opinion of the publick.

We proceed in the narration. The duke of Guiſe and the conſtable, holding the firſt offices at court and ſupported by different powerful friends, became neceſſarily jealous of each other and dangerous rivals of the king. He ſoon found reaſons to diſgrace them and theſe families experienced, what the Bourbons had ſuffered before; and Francis now ſaw that the houſe of Guiſe particularly had become dangerous to the houſe of Valois. We do not mean to follow the hiſtorical thread into the labyrinth of intrigues, and therefore only obſerve, that theſe great families regained their influence under Henry II. in 1547, and filled France with rivalry and with crimes.

The author here enters into a diſcuſſion of the conſtitution of the human mind. The leading ſentiments are the ſame as thoſe to be found in Dr. Adam Smith's book; they are here agreeably

expanded, and very important political reflections are drawn from an analyſis of the nature, effects, tendency, and uſefulneſs of rank, wealth, titles, and perſonal accompliſhments. He ſhews, with great force and propriety, that theſe things are deſired ſolely becauſe they attract the attention, conſideration, and congratulations of mankind. He points out with beauty and energy that from this ſource ariſe emulation and rivalſhip, with their effects, of the ſublime virtues in peace, and the moſt uſeful induſtry in agriculture, commerce, &c. on the one hand; and hatred, revenge, and wars, on the other. He proceeds to diſcover the final cauſe of this conſtitution of things, and ſhows that nature has given us this paſſion of diſtinction in order to produce ſocial activity, ſo that we ſhall be continually labouring for the good of mankind. All theſe doctrines are inveſtigated with great ingenuity; enforced by examples drawn from hiſtory, and daily experience of the neceſſity of not extinguiſhing, but ſimply regulating the love of titles, rank, &c. What is diſcoverable in individuals is applicable to nations. As the paſſions are eternal and immutable, they operate on families and ſtates, as on boys or officers, and hence ariſe national animoſities and political alliances. After a long and elaborate diſcuſſion of the ſubject, which the author ſtrengthens by the arguments of Smith and the poetry of Shakeſpeare, he ſays,

> But why all this of Emulation and Rivalry?—Becauſe, as the whole hiſtory of the civil wars of France, given us by *Davila*, is no more than a relation of rivalries, ſucceeding each other in a rapid ſeries, the reflections we have made will aſſiſt us, both to underſtand that noble hiſtorian, and to form a right judgment of the ſtate of affairs in France at the preſent moment. They will ſuggeſt alſo to *Americans*, eſpecially to thoſe who have been unfriendly, and may be now lukewarm to their national Conſtitution, ſome uſeful enquiries, ſuch as thoſe for examples: Whether there are not emulations, of a ſerious complexion among ourſelves? between cities and univerſities? between North and South? The Middle and the North? The Middle and the South? between one State and another? between the governments of States and the National Government? and between individual patriots and heroes in all theſe? What is the natural remedy againſt the inconveniences and dangers of theſe rivalries? Whether a well-balanced Conſtitution, ſuch as that of our Union purports to be, ought not to be cordially ſupported, till its defects, if it has any, can be corrected, by every good citizen, as our only hope of peace, and our ark of ſafety?—But it muſt be left to the contemplations of State Phyſicians to diſcover the cauſes and the remedy of that "*fever whereof our power is ſick.*" One queſtion only ſhall be reſpectfully inſinuated; Whether equal laws, the reſult only of a balanced government, can ever be obtained and preſerved without ſome ſigns or other of diſtinction and degree?

At the period of the publication of theſe diſcourſes the National Aſſembly was the governing power in France. It was divided into various parties, ſuch as the ariſtocratical, the democratical, the monarchical, and the neutral. Various theories of government were broached, according to the ideas of each party, and thoſe doctrines were about to be put in execution, which deſtroyed the feudal and eccleſiaſtical orders; and fears were entertained of the ſettlement of the ſupreme power in one aſſembly. The author of the diſcourſes on

Davila, after his inquiry into the nature and tendency of the love of rank, orders, titles, neceſſarily ſlides into an important inveſtigation of theſe political doctrines, advanced by the French writers, and ſhews the futility, abſurdity, nay, impoſſibility of annihilating theſe playthings for children of a larger growth. The folly of a ſovereignty in one aſſembly may be exhibited from the hiſtory of Pennſylvania and Georgia. They have changed thoſe conſtitutions, which had concentered ſupreme power in one body, and have evidenced accordingly their political wiſdom. Had France, when ſhe threw off deſpotiſm of one kind, attended to the dictates of nature, had ſhe conſulted experience, and practiſed the doctrines of wiſe legiſlation, by giving authority and equilibrium to the one, the few, and the many, as they are found in the world and moulded in the Engliſh conſtitution, ſhe might have enjoyed liberty with order, and would have brought into actual operation that ſyſtem, which Monteſquieu thought the European nations had practiſed in the heart of their woods.

The diſcourſer, after giving ſome leſſons of advice to the National Aſſembly, on the importance of different branches and balances, exhorts the Americans to rejoice in their promiſing eſſay towards a well ordered government. Reference is made to the proceedings of Boſton in 1772, when the committee of correſpondence, which was appointed to ſtate the rights of the coloniſts, publiſhed their political principles, and in "an immortal pamphlet, which is a real picture of the ſun of liberty," aſſerted the neceſſity of different checks and proportions of power to eſtabliſh civil liberty. The congreſs of Philadelphia, in October, 1774, laid down the ſame fundamental principles, and ſolemnly declared, "that it is indiſpenſably neceſſary, that the conſtituent branches of the legiſlature be independent of each other." Theſe opinions are certainly juſt, and we join the great author of theſe diſcourſes in hoping, that they may be eternal. Yet we are obliged to remark, that few encroachments on our excellent ſyſtem had been made when this author diſcourſed; but fourteen years have admoniſhed us, that the conſtitution cannot preſerve itſelf; and we fear there is "ſomething rotten in the ſtate of Denmark." This number concludes with ſome excellent remarks on religion.

Let us conclude with one reflection more, which ſhall barely be hinted at, as delicacy, if not prudence, may require, in this place, ſome degree of reſerve. Is there a poſſibility, that the government of nations may fall into the hands of men, who teach the moſt diſconſolate of all creeds, that men are but fire-flies, and that this *all* is without a father? Is this the way to make man, as man, an object of reſpect? Or is it, to make murder itſelf, as indifferent as ſhooting a plover, and the extermination of the Rohilla nation, as innocent, as the ſwallowing of mites, on a morſel of cheeſe? If ſuch a caſe ſhould happen, would not one of theſe, the moſt credulous of all believers, have reaſon to pray, to his eternal nature, or his almighty chance, (the more abſurdity there is in this addreſs the more in character) *give us again the gods of the Greeks—give us again the more intelligible as well as more comfortable ſyſtems of Athanaſius and Calvin—nay, give us again our Popes and Hierarchies, Benedictines and*

Jeſuits, with all their ſuperſtition and fanaticiſm, impoſtures and tyranny. A certain Ducheſs of venerable years and maſculine underſtanding, ſaid of ſome of the philoſophers of the eighteenth century, admirably well, "On ne pas croit dans la Chriſtianiſme, mais on croit toutes les ſottiſes poſſibles."

The author proceeds from page 94 in a regular courſe of narration, interrupted only by the inſertion of political remarks. As he has condenſed Davila, it would be abſurd to abridge the diſcourſer; it may therefore be ſufficient to ſay, that he relates the continuance of the rivalry between the Guiſes and Montmorencies; the ambition of the queen mother after the death of Henry II.; the various plots and intrigues of the Bourbons, the Colignis, and other families of France; the ſtate and political effect of the Proteſtant religion in the ſect of the Huguenots; the civil wars between them and the Catholicks; the aſſembling of the ſtates general in 1560; the plots of all the families after the death of Francis II.; the elevation of the Bourbons; the meaſures relating to the famous edict granting liberty of conſcience and of preaching to the Calviniſts, in 1562; the civil wars that ſhortly followed; the horrid maſſacre of St. Bartholomew's day; and the work concludes with ſome ſtrong and admirable reflections, of which we inſert the following as a ſummary.

Inſtead of throwing falſe imputations on republican governments; inſtead of exciting or fomenting a vulgar malignity againſt the moſt reſpectable men and families—let us draw the proper inferences from hiſtory and experience—let us lay it down for a certain fact, firſt, that emulation between individuals, and rivalries among families, never can be prevented: ſecond, let us adopt it as a certain principle that they ought not to be prevented, but directed to virtue, and then ſtimulated and encouraged by generous applauſe and honorable rewards. And from theſe premiſes let the concluſion be, as it ought to be, that an effectual controul be provided in the conſtitution, to check their exceſſes and balance their weights. If this concluſion is not drawn, another will follow of itſelf—the people will be the dupes, and the leaders will worry each other and the people too, till both are weary and aſhamed, and from feeling, not from reaſoning, ſet up a maſter and a deſpot for a Protector.

Thus have we finiſhed a long analyſis of a very intereſting work. The ſtyle we do not commend, it is rough and unpoliſhed; the words grate harſhly, and the ſentences are often involved like Clarendon's.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

We recommend the diſcourſes to every ſtudent of politicks; and even the veteran legiſlator will recogniſe the maxims, by which he mayhave aſſiſted in framing political conſtitutions. By attending to the dictates of nature, as ſhe operates in ſtates, and by a careful conſideration, remembrance, and practice of the hallowed lore of De Lolme, Burke, and ſimilar writers, our country may hope in time to enjoy the bleſſings of perfect balances, as far as what is human can be perfect; and when founded in the deep earth, and eſtabliſhed on the ſtrong rocks, its turrets may wave in the whirlwind, but "ponderibus librata ſuis," the workmen have been faithful, and the work is immoveable.

ART. 24.

Two Sermons on the Chriſtian Sabbath, for diſtribution in the new ſettlements of the United States— By Joſeph Lathrop, D. D. paſtor of the firſt church in Weſt-Springfield. Text, Rev. i. 10.... *I* WAS IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY. Northampton. Butler 1805.

IN the firſt of theſe diſcourſes the author ſhews in a plain and familiar manner, that the chriſtian church has, from the time of the reſurrection of our Saviour, obſerved the firſt day of the week, in commemoration of that event. The ſecond is devoted to reflexions and inferences which flowed from the ſubject. From the "ſequeſtration" of one day in ſeven to perpetuate the death and reſurrection of Chriſt, he urges the vaſt importance of thoſe events to mankind; the duty of chriſtians to aſſociate for the ſupport and obſervance of publick worſhip, and the utility of attendance on divine inſtitutions. He ſhews, that the ſabbath is peculiarly favourable to the purpoſes of religion, and, from St. John's obſervance of that day in a ſtate of exile and ſolitude, he infers, that we are not by the ordinary circumſtances of life excuſed from the duties of the ſabbath. He concludes with an affectionate addreſs "to the people diſperſed in the wilderneſs and in the new ſettlements," for whoſe benefit this ſermon was publiſhed by the "Hampſhire Miſſionary Society, and among whom it was the benevolent intention of the ſociety, that it ſhould be diſtributed.

This ſermon is well adapted to the circumſtances of thoſe, for whom it was particularly intended, and it will be read with pleaſure and advantage by all who either regard the ſabbath as a political device for the good of ſociety, or who conſider it as appropriated by the Supreme Being for the ſpiritual worſhip of himſelf by his intelligent offspring.

ART. 25.

God's wonders in the great deep, recorded in ſeveral wonderful and amazing accounts of ſailors, who have met with unexpected deliverance from death, when in the greateſt dangers; to which is added the ſeaman's ſpiritual directory, ſhewing what he ought to think and do, with forms of prayers ſuited to their ſeveral circumſtances and various occaſions. Newburyport, Thomas & Whipple, 1805.

THESE relations of dreadful danger and ſtrange relief will be intereſting to all ſeamen. The religious advice is excellent, and the prayers are well ſuited to the different ſituations in which all mariners may be placed. The book is badly printed, and the picture of a wrecked ſhip is moſt ridiculous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the REVIEWER *of "The True Reaſons," &c.*[*]

SIR—UNDER the authoritative garb of a *Review*, and with the advantages of concealment, you have publiſhed your ſtrictures on my pamphlet. Of your ſucceſs in invalidating its reaſoning and deſign,

[*] See Anthology, vol. II, No. 3, p. 152.

the publick will form their own opinion. Be aſſured, ſir, I am neither diſpleaſed nor wounded by your review. "*Telum imbelle ſine ictu.*" Nor ſhould I give myſelf the trouble of a reply, but for the opportunity you give me of bringing before the publick ſome important facts and documents corroborative of what has already been advanced on this ſubject.

You begin by ſaying, "The *object* of this pamphlet is not a little ſingular." It probably would have appeared leſs "ſingular," eſpecially to your readers, had you correctly ſtated it in the author's own language. On this point it would have been fair in you, and it is cuſtomary with reviewers, to let the author ſpeak for himſelf.

"The *title*," you ſay, "is not very correct." If, ſir, you will take the trouble to read it again, you will probably perceive your miſtake. I profeſſedly give the *true reaſons*, which influenced *my own* conduct. I ſay nothing of the reaſons by which others were actuated. I was not authorized to ſpeak in behalf of thoſe, who voted with me; nor have I done it. And let me aſk, ſir, was it correct or delicate in you to intimate, that a "majority" of the gentlemen, who were oppoſed to the election were influenced by "political conſiderations?" By what authority do you thus criminate the *motives* of a conſiderable portion of the honourable ſenate of this commonwealth? for doubtleſs you believe it improper, that "political conſiderations" ſhould have had influence in an election of this kind? From the beſt evidence I have been able to collect on this delicate ſubject, (and I have ſuch as enables me to ſpeak with ſome degree of confidence) I have reaſon to believe that your charge is as unfounded, as it is ungenerous, (not to give it a harder name;) and that *party politicks* had no influence on the late deciſion of the overſeers.

"The extracts," which I have given, from Mr. Hollis's letters, &c. in your opinion, do not "deciſively prove him to have been a Calviniſt; becauſe they contain "no expreſſions, which an *Arminian* might not have uſed"!! And can you ſeriouſly aſſert this? If ſo, either you or I muſt be ignorant of the diſtinction between an Arminian and a Calviniſt. But as you are convinced that Mr. Hollis was a Calviniſt of the ſtamp of the founders of the college, you doubtleſs have evidence of the fact ſtronger than any I poſſeſs, which is yet abundantly ſufficient to convince ordinary men.

I am at a loſs how to underſtand the following remarks of yours, viewed in connexion with the *eleventh* article in Mr. Hollis's ſtatutes. "It appears indeed, with *ſufficient clearneſs*, what tenets Mr. Hollis conſidered as "ſound or orthodox;" but it does not appear that he was guilty of the egregious folly of *determining* that all *electors* of profeſſor, through all future time, ſhould be of preciſely the ſame opinion with himſelf." The ſtatute ſays, "That the perſon choſen *from time to time* to be a *profeſſor*, ſhall be a man of *ſound or orthodox principles*," &c.

Do you mean, ſir, to concede that Mr. Hollis intended his *profeſſor* ſhould be "*from time to time*" of "ſound or orthodox principles," like his own? but that he was not ſo egregiouſly fooliſh, as to determine

that his *electors* ſhould, "from time to time," be of the ſame opinion with himſelf ? If this be your meaning, whom does this arguing reprove ? Who has aſſerted, that Mr. Hollis meant to preſcribe, what ſhould be the religious principles of the *electors* of his profeſſor ? No one ſurely. He has declared what ſhall be their *duty* not their opinions. Why then this pitiful ſubterfuge ? Do you mean to maintain the opinion, that the electors, in chooſing a Hollis profeſſor of divinity, are to be governed, not by *the ſtatutes of the founder*, but by *their own religious ſentiments ?* If this be your opinion, why not avow it explicitly, and tell us at once, that Mr. Hollis's ſtatutes are no longer to be regarded as a rule for the electors. If I miſtake your idea, I pray you to explain your meaning.

But waving other remarks on your review, "of which I will only ſay (reiterating your own words) *valeat quantum valere poteſt*, I proceed to the principal object of this reply. You ſay, "with the preciſe ſentiments of the reſpectable man, who is choſen and confirmed, as profeſſor of divinity, we are unacquainted." Again, "It is probable the corporation and overſeers *wiſely* thought, that the character and principles of a candidate could be more certainly underſtood from his publick ſervices, and private converſation, than from anſwers to the few queſtions which might be aſked." And again, "it is aſſerted that Dr. Wiggleſworth and his ſon were calviniſts. This admits of a *doubt*." You then refer us to a MS. in the college library to prove, that though Dr. W. in early life was a calviniſt, he ſaw reaſon to change his ſentiments. You then, upon authority deny poſitively, that the late Dr. W. was a calviniſt ; and add---"but theſe are matters of little importance."

Theſe ſentiments, ſir, and this mode of conducting an election, are certainly of modern origin. They are without precedent. You may ſay, perhaps, "our fathers were ignorant and we are wiſe ; we diſdain to follow their ſteps." But, ſir, all of us have not yet grown ſo *wiſe* as to reject all precedents of our fathers on ſubjects of this kind, as "worm eaten authorities," of no value. There are ſtill ſome among us, who venerate their wiſdom, and think their mode of proceeding in the choice of ſo important an officer in the college as a divinity profeſſor, judicious and worthy of imitation. Under theſe impreſſions I copy from the records of the college the following account of the proceedings of the electors in the choice of the firſt profeſſor of divinity, and which appears to have been deſigned as a precedent for future electors.

"At a meeting of the overſeers, &c. Jan. 24, 1721—2. The Rev. Preſident reported to the overſeers, that the corporation had proceeded to make choice of Mr. Edward Wiggleſworth to be profeſſor of divinity in Harvard College, and that *preceding* the choice *they had examined* the ſaid Mr. Wiggleſworth upon ſeveral moſt important heads in divinity, *which heads were ſeverally named in the preſence of the overſeers*, and the method of proceeding by the preſident and fellows in this important affair was *greatly to their ſatisfaction*. Then the Rev. Preſident preſented the ſaid Mr. W. to the overſeers for their approbation and confirmation. And the queſtion being put, whether the overſeers con-

firmed the ſaid choice of the ſaid Mr. W. to be a profeſſor of divinity in Harvard College ? voted in the affirmative.

"*Ordered* by the overſeers, that a minute be taken and *recorded* of the ſeveral heads in divinity upon which the Rev. Preſident and Fellows had examined Mr. Wiggleſworth, viz. That he *appeared before the corporation and declared his aſſent* 1. To Dr. Ames's *Medulla Theologiæ*. 2. To the confeſſion of faith contained in the aſſembly's catechiſm. 3. To the doctrinal articles of the church of England ; more particularly 1. To the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. 2. To the doctrine of the Eternal Godhead of our bleſſed Saviour. 3. To the doctrine of predeſtination. 4. To the doctrine of ſpecial efficacious grace. 5. To the divine right of infant baptiſm."

After this, I preſume, ſir, you will no longer "*doubt*" whether or not the firſt Dr. Wiggleſworth was a *Calviniſt*. You ſeem indeed almoſt willing to admit that he was "in early life ;" but from a MS. eſſay in the college library you ſuppoſe "he ſaw reaſon to change his ſentiments." Though this affects not my argument (becauſe, as I adduced Dr. W. as holding ſentiments accordant with the wiſhes of Mr. Hollis, if it be admitted that his ſentiments were Calviniſtick *at the time of his election*, it is all that is neceſſary to my purpoſe) yet I had the curioſity to know what this MS. contained ; and in an unſucceſsful inquiry after it, I found his *Dudleian Lecture* on *Natural Religion*, preached May 14. 1760, *within five years of his death*. Preſuming this muſt contain the ſentiments in which he died, I read it and made from it the following extracts, which I ſubmit to your eye, and that of the publick, to ſhew, not only the principles of Dr. Wiggleſworth, but alſo what were then the ſentiments taught in our univerſity.

"But it is well known, what vile and impious ſects of men there be, who go vaſtly further than this. The *Socinians*, in order to enervate and overthrow the doctrines of Chriſt's divinity and ſatisfaction, do as it were turn the whole chriſtian ſyſtem into a mere religion of nature. For though they pretend to own the revelation that Jeſus Chriſt and his apoſtles have made ; yet they make natural reaſon the ſtandard of this revelation, and the ultimate judge at whoſe bar it is to be tried ; and if any of its moſt plain doctrines claſh with the wiſdom of this world, they are to be reſcinded and rejected. Both of theſe ſorts of men [*meaning Deiſts and Socinians*] build the honour of natural reaſon and religion on the ruins of the Goſpel diſcovery : Which uſurped honour ought to be taken from it and given where it is due ; by aſſerting not only the *preferableneſs*, but even the *neceſſity* of that more full, and clear, and certain light that hath been given by inſpiration of God."

Again. "Beſides we ſee that man is become not only wicked in practice, but this wickedneſs, flowing from an inward evil fountain, corrupt and depraved in the powers of his mind ; his heart a ſink of unclean luſts, out of which proceed *evil thought*, *murders*, *adulteries*, *fornications*, *theſts*, *falſe-witneſs*, *blaſphemies*, and every other filthy thing. Now ſo long as this internal filthineſs remains (however clean the

outſide of the cup and platter ſhould be made) the man cannot be acceptable to God, who *is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.*

" Neither can it be otherwiſe, while this corrupt ſtate of mind laſts, than that the man ſhould be inflexibly bent to all wickedneſs, and an enemy to all good ; deaf to all calls to repentance and reformation ; or ſhould there be a partial change for the better in his morals, the goodneſs would be but as *a morning cloud.* Through the power of inward corruption he would return with the dog to his vomit.

" And now doth it lie within the reach of natural reaſon to find a remedy for this diſtemper of the ſoul ? Can natural religion inform us of a quite new turn given to the human mind ? A change in all the operations of the ſoul, ſo far as to ſee and underſtand things in another light, a new bias on man's affections, ſo as to love and hate, purſue and flee from objects, not after the old and head ſtrong manner, but in obedience to better light and ſounder judgment ? No ; ſure the world by wiſdom never dreamed of the neceſſity of ſuch a change as this ; their religion taught men to ſtruggle in vain to make the fruit good, while the tree that bare it remained corrupt. And if natural reaſon could have told men of the neceſſity of *a new heart and new ſpirit ;* yet ſince it could not inform them where to apply for an author or workman adequate to the work that was to be done, how much better had the caſe of ſinners been ! The *Ethiopian* muſt of himſelf *have changed* his ſkin, and the *leopard* his ſpots ; and he that *had been accuſtomed to do evil muſt have learned to do well*, if he could. It is deſpiſed revelation, and that only, wherein the remedy for this otherwiſe incurable diſeaſe is found. *Turn thou me and I ſhall be turned.* Except a man be born of water and of the ſpirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Such were the ſentiments of Dr. Wiggleſworth within *five* years of his death. If, ſir, your MS. ſpeaks a different language from this, let it be produced. If not, I preſume you muſt be ſatisfied that the firſt Dr. Wiggleſworth lived and died a Calviniſt.

As to the late Dr. Wiggleſworth I determine as you do, from the information of ſeveral gentlemen, who knew him moſt intimately, who aſſert *poſitively*, that he was neither an Arian nor an Arminian, but a ſublapſarian, or what is now denominated a moderate Calviniſt. At the time of his election he was examined by men, who were *calviniſts*, as to " his principles in divinity, whether they were *orthodox*, according to the doctrines of the churches of Chriſt at that time (1765) —and to the queſtions put to him, " he gave full and ſatisfactory anſwers." If any thing in the writings of Dr. W. ſhews that he was not of the ſentiments abovementioned, I preſume it can, and doubtleſs will be produced. Till this be done, I think no one can be juſtified in aſſerting, that he was not a calviniſt. But you ſay, " Theſe are matters of little importance." They may be ſo to you, ſir, but they were not deemed ſo by Mr. Hollis, nor by former electors of his profeſſor, nor are they ſo conſidered by many even at the preſent day.

" No examination," you ſay, " took place at the election of Dr. Tappan." I do not juſtify this neglect. If, however, the omiſſion

of it could ever be juſtified, it might be in his caſe. He had avowed and publiſhed his religious opinions, in a publick diſpute on a diſtinguiſhing point of orthodoxy, as well as in ſeveral printed diſcourſes. His ſentiments, in conſequence, were generally well known, which cannot be ſaid, by your own acknowledgment, of the profeſſor elect. Beſides, I well remember, that at the time when his election was confirmed by the overſeers, not only the general character of Dr. Tappan was given, but his particular religious opinions were declared to the board by the late Preſident Willard, and eſpecially and fully by the late lieutenant-governour Phillips, his intimate friend and claſſmate. In this election, therefore, the overſeers did not, as in the laſt, act in the dark, as it reſpected the doctrinal opinions of the candidate.

No one more ſincerely laments the exiſting neceſſity of this publick diſcuſſion of important matters relating to our univerſity than I do; and I have no wiſh to continue it farther than is neceſſary to my own vindication, and the diſcloſure of uſeful facts and truths, which can never injure but tend to promote and perpetuate the beſt intereſts of that ancient and reſpectable inſtitution. Should you, ſir, think it proper to continue this diſcuſſion, and to make reply to the foregoing remarks, I hope you will not deny to your obſervations the authority, and to the publick the ſatisfaction, of your name. J. MORSE.

Charleſtown, April 19, 1805.

THAT we may avoid any imputation of unfairneſs, we have thus inſerted entire the reply of Dr. Morſe. The requeſt however we muſt obſerve, was moſt unreaſonable. A ſhort note to correct a miſtake, or what may appear to the author a miſrepreſentation of his meaning, is undoubtedly admiſſible, but to ſend for publication a long and laboured anſwer to a review, including much new matter, and that too in defence of a point, which the Reviewers conſider, and which Dr. M. concedes, to be not eſſential to the main argument of the pamphlet, is certainly unprecedented; and as this is probably the firſt requeſt of the kind, ſo we hope it will be the laſt. We muſt add, that Dr. M. appears in many reſpects ignorant of the nature of a review.

We preſume that ſtrictures of any kind may take the garb of a review without any juſt cauſe of offence. If their appearance in this form, that is, in the department of a periodical work aſſigned for this purpoſe, carries any improper authority, the readers, not the Reviewers, are in fault. If we proceed to reply to the Dr's. vindication, without renouncing the "advantages for concealment," or giving the gentleman or the publick the "ſatisfaction of our names," we hope to ſtand juſtified. We have never underſtood that a man is, by any tie of morality or honour, reſtrained from publiſhing his ſentiments upon a ſubject or book, unleſs he will alſo publiſh *himſelf*, and become the object of perſonal notice. We conceive his duty to be wholly concerned with the ſpirit and contents of his book, but whether his *name* ſhall be inſerted on the title page, or not, is a queſtion reſting entirely with his diſcretion or taſte. We are far from think-

ing, that a readineſs to be known in a controverſy, where the appeal is made to publick opinion, is always a favourable ſymptom. Men often claim the merit of ſincerity and manlineſs for giving their names to the publick, when the fact is, they are ſerving their ambitious or intereſted views, and ſacrificing to their paſſions. A man, all whoſe prejudices and feelings, whoſe deſire of popularity and importance, even whoſe *conſcience*, (if that moral judgment can be ſo called, which takes much counſel from paſſion, and little from reaſon) engage him to appear among the champions of a particular cauſe, may well be forward with his name. The more he is known in the character he takes, the better for his views; for whether the part he acts be to his ſhame or honour, he glories in and expects to gain by it. The ſolicitude to draw his antagoniſts from concealment, however natural, is not always reaſonable, nor even humane. Well known demagogues, who imagine they are writing with "truth their guide, and liberty their object," often conclude their replies to federal writers, eſpecially to ſuch as they find it difficult to anſwer, with a challenge for their *names*. "For ſhame," ſay they, "to be ſhooting in the dark, come out of your concealment." The meaning of which is, "make yourſelves known, that if we cannot refute *your reaſonings*, we may let ſlip the dogs of war, and tear you to pieces." We indeed think better things of the gentleman in queſtion; but as the Reviewers in the Anthology would recommend themſelves rather by the juſtneſs of their remarks, than by the authority of their names, whatever it be; and as the ſatisfaction which the publick would receive from the diſcloſure, might be the very queſtionable one, of ſeeing well meaning enthuſiaſts and conſcientious bigots make a merit of hating and diſparaging men probably as good if not as wiſe as themſelves, we hope to continue to uſe the "advantages of concealment" without the imputation of a crime.

The gentleman ſays, he ſhould not take the trouble of replying, but for the opportunity of producing new facts and arguments. If the Dr. has found out, that he was more in the right than he thought he was when he publiſhed his book, he may avail himſelf and the publick of this diſcovery; but his anſwer to our review in this place ſhould be properly confined to vindicating the ſufficiency of the evidence before given, and not be made to ſerve as an appendix to his firſt publication. We hope he will duly eſtimate our good nature, in allowing him to bring forward a reinforcement, when our buſineſs is ſtrictly with his original forces alone.

He firſt complains that the object of his pamphlet is not correctly ſtated "in his own words." There is no moderate number of words of his own expreſſing that object. The motives for the publication mentioned in his apology are diſtinct from the contents or matter of the pamphlet. The matter, or leading poſitions of the book, is its object. Theſe poſitions are exactly ſuch as we have ſtated them, and the deſign to eſtabliſh them we denominated not a little *ſingular*. We cannot help thinking this epithet rightly applied. It is *ſingular*, that

Mr. H., conſidering his character and ſituation, the counſel he took, and the language he uſed, ſhould have founded his profeſſorſhip upon ſuch a narrow baſis. It is *ſingular*, that this conſtruction of the articles of his foundation did not occur in the diſcuſſions at the time of the laſt vacancy. It is *ſingular*, that a body compoſed as the majority of the corporation and overſeers are, ſhould deſerve the heavy accuſations which this book contains, amounting to *a charge of blind or wilful diſregard of the plain meaning of language.* It is *ſingular*, that ſcarcely one of her own ſons ſhould appear to eſpouſe the duty or intereſt of our Alma Mater, or the principles of the founders of the univerſity, and that ſhe ſhould be indebted for this tenderneſs and reſpect principally to ſtrangers. It is *ſingular*, that a lover of the college ſhould feel himſelf compelled to hold her up to general ſuſpicion and diſlike, as having unfit inſtructors and unfaithful guardians.

If the Dr. means that we ought to have taken as the object of the pamphlet his account of his reaſons for the publication, here it is.

The following publication, for which ſome may think an apology neceſſary, is made with a view to correct certain miſrepreſentations, which have gone abroad relative to the late election of a Profeſſor of Divinity; to communicate ſome material information concerning the true deſign of the pious Mr. Hollis, in eſtabliſhing this Profeſſorſhip, which the writer was not permitted to lay before the board of overſeers when the abovementioned election was under conſideration; and to acquaint the citizens of the commonwealth, who have an intereſt in this ancient and reſpectable ſeat of ſcience, and a claim to its privileges, with the real grounds of the exiſting controverſy.

We might, we conceive, have called this not a little *ſingular*,...that, becauſe the queſtion of the choice of a profeſſor was not well underſtood or accurately ſtated by all who choſe to ſpeak or write about it, whilſt it was pending, or becauſe the overſeers thought proper to determine the intention of the founder by *words* uſed in the foundation, and not to reſort to extracts from his letters to individuals, making no part of their rule of deciſion,...therefore it is neceſſary for Dr. M. to become the publick accuſer of the electors, and to maintain that a controverſy exiſts, and that we ought to take ſides to determine—what? Who is to be profeſſor? No, that is ſettled; whether he ſhall accept, or having accepted ſhall be inducted? No, theſe are matters of courſe;—but, whether Dr. Morſe had reaſons for his oppoſition, and whether ſerious people ought not to be offended and alarmed becauſe theſe reaſons did not weigh as much with others as they did with him, or becauſe the college may ſtill be frequented and careſſed, and things remain quiet, when he had predicted diſturbance.

The gentleman complains of our criticiſm on his title. We ſtill believe it juſt, perfectly juſt. The obvious inference from this title is, that the work contains the grounds of oppoſition generally, and not merely of the writer. On the face it appears as a book written by Dr. M.; but not confined to ſtating his motives of action. If he had intended it ſhould be conſidered as the hiſtory and account of his own oppoſition alone, he would have taken a very different title, the preſent one appears choſen with a deſign to be the mouth of a party.

We are arraigned as incorrect and indelicate for judging the motives of voters. Had this champion of his own opinions been accuſtomed to vindicate the motives of a certain political party, or to treat them as having a conſcience ; had he ſpared any ſeverity of inſinuation, not to ſay of accuſation, againſt the majority of the electors, or imputed their deciſion to honeſt but miſtaken views, he might with a better grace have ſchooled us for judging ſome of his voters ; which after all we have not done. We will not defend the ſtrict propriety of the term *majority ;* but that many of the voters were influenced by political conſiderations, is a fact which no one doubts but Dr. M. Really he does not mean that we ought to believe, that all his political adverſaries ſided with him in obedience to conſcience !

We abide by the aſſertion, that Mr. Hollis's letters do not amount to a calviniſtick confeſſion of faith, and that moſt of the ſame expreſſions, or equivalent ones, are found in the works of many Arminians.

The Dr. *affects* not to underſtand our meaning when we ſay, p. 154 "It appears indeed with ſufficient clearneſs," &c. The meaning, which we think our language clearly conveys, is this—Mr. Hollis would probably conſider his own belief as "*ſound or orthodox,*" but he could not be ſo miſtaken as to ſuppoſe, that his own conſtruction of the words would be adopted by all electors of profeſſor ; or that what he called "ſound or orthodox" would of courſe be called ſo by them, through all ſucceſſions of time. He could not imagine, that he had ſecured the Calviniſm of his profeſſor by ordaining, that he ſhould be in the opinion of the electors "ſound or orthodox," knowing, that theſe are words which, in their reputable ſenſe, every ſect appropriates to itſelf. He meant not to eſtabliſh a profeſſor of Calviniſm, but a profeſſor of theology. Tell us, the Dr. ſays, "do you mean that the corporation and overſeers are to chooſe by their own religious opinions ?" They are to be governed by their own opinion of the meaning of Mr. H's. language ; by what *they* deem orthodox, and not what *he* deemed ſo ; unleſs he had told them his ſenſe of the phraſes, and made it a part of the rule. We mean therefore that they are to conſtruct the inſtrument according to their judgment, except where Mr. H. has enjoined his judgment upon them ; and that they are bound to endeavour ſo to interpret one part, as to agree with other parts, and with the whole of the inſtrument.

But the greateſt difficulty of Dr. M. appears to ariſe from the want of an examination. We ſaid, the corporation wiſely preferred other modes of aſcertaining the principles of the candidate. We ſay this from a belief, that they are more certain and ſatisfactory than that which he propoſes. They are more prudent, juſt, ſcriptural, chriſtian, and proteſtant. Such an examination as that which the gentleman has detailed as taking place with regard to the firſt profeſſor, may be favourable to the ſupport of a ſect, but not of truth. It is that impoſing and judging ſyſtem, which lays a ſnare for a man's conſcience, diſcourages inquiry and diſcuſſion, impedes the progreſs of truth, which endeavoured to ſtifle the reformation in its cradle, and which drove our puritan fathers to this country. It is at war with

the three great principles of proteſtantiſm—the ſufficiency and certainty of the ſcriptures as a rule of faith ; the right and duty of private judgment in religion ; and liberty of conſcience. If therefore the corporation and overſeers were not expreſsly required by the ſtatutes of the founder to reſort to this method of obtaining evidence of the principles of the profeſſor, they were wiſe to decline it. They had this additional juſtification of the omiſſion, that they left the gentleman taking the office at full liberty to be faithful to the declaration required by Mr. Hollis, in which he engages to explain and open the ſcriptures according to the light he ſhall receive.

A volume might be written upon the criminality and miſchief of the practice, which the Dr. inſiſts to have been neceſſary and proper, and in vindication of the courſe purſued by the corporation and approved by the overſeers. But we are told, this cannot be right, becauſe it is *modern*. Be it ſo. It is not the worſe for that, if it be proved right and ſalutary. Chriſtianity was once modern ; the reformation was once modern ; congregationaliſm was once modern. If it be modern, it is not, as we obſerved before, new, or unprecedented ; and we inſiſt, that notwithſtanding Dr. Tappan's writings (ſome of which had a ſtrong tinge of ſomething anticalviniſtick) it remained uncertain how far he was *found* in what are called calviniſtick doctrines, and that upon the principles now advanced he ought to have been examined. If the electors ought to have been guided by ancient examples, we aſk, by which ? By that exhibited in the choice of the * firſt Dr. Wiggleſworth ? or of the ſecond ? or of Dr. Tappan ? If the firſt, the whole of the practice then adopted is as binding as a part. This would reſtrict the latitude of choice not a little, for there are few, who call themſelves Calviniſts, that could ſubſcribe to all contained in the ſyſtems and formularies aſſented to by the firſt Dr. Wiggleſworth. Modern Calviniſm is not what it was in Dr. Ames's time. One claſs have incorporated with it the doctrine of philoſophical neceſſity, and another many of the leading ſentiments of the Arminians ; though both are ambitious of being conſidered as entitled to the *name*. We recommend to the gentleman, who is himſelf a proof of its juſtneſs, the following remark. " If different religions be profeſſed in the ſame country, and the minds of men remain unfettered and unawed by intimidations of law, that religion which is founded on reaſon, will gradually gain over the other to it. I do not mean that men will formally renounce their ancient religion, but that they will adopt into it the more rational doctrines, the improvements and diſcoveries of the neighbouring ſects ; by which means the worſe re-

* With reſpect to Dr. Wiggleſworth we have only to repeat our doubts, which are much confirmed by ſubſequent inquiry. The MS. we referred to, now before us, is bound up with Dr. W's. " Doctrine of Reprobation briefly conſidered," and contains a defence of a paſſage in that work. It is in the hand writing of Dr. W. jun. and is preceded by a note of his, ſtating the reaſons of its not having been publiſhed. We ſhould inſert this note, but have not room ; and leave the examination of the eſſay and defence to thoſe who have a curioſity to look into the ſubject.

ligion, without the ceremony of a reformation, will inſenſibly aſſimilate itſelf to the better. If Popery, for inſtance, and Proteſtantiſm were permitted to dwell quietly together, Papiſts might not become Proteſtants, for the *name* is commonly the laſt thing that is changed, but they would become more enlightened and reformed; they would by little and little incorporate into their creeds many of the tenets of Proteſtantiſm, as well as imbibe a portion of its ſpirit and moderation." From the account the Dr. gives of the ſeveral elections of profeſſor, the gradual relaxation and final ſurrender of this inquiſitorial ſyſtem, ſo extolled, is worthy of remark. The firſt profeſſor is brought to the teſt with a witneſs. He was required to take an abundant doſe of technical theology. Dr. Ames's Medulla, Weſtminſter Confeſſion, doctrinal articles of the Church of England, and the five points, ſharp and unblunted as Perkins's Tractors, were all adminiſtered without mercy. The report of the amplitude of his faith was made to the overſeers, and entered upon their records with great formality; always ready to riſe up in judgment againſt him, whenever the light which God ſhould give him might lead him aſtray from theſe good old paths. But when the ſecond Doctor was introduced, what a falling off from the faith once delivered! No account of the particulars of the inquiſition, but only a report to the overſeers, that from their examination the corporation were ſatisfied. Finally, Dr. Tappan choſen without any examination whatever; and now his ſucceſſor; in conſequence of which precedents we ſhall be liable to profeſſors, who have no qualification for the place but acknowledged talents, piety, and virtue; who give no proof of the ſoundneſs of their principles but edifying inſtructions, a character for probity and ſincerity, and an avowal of the ſcriptures as the rule of their faith and practice.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES,

For APRIL, 1805.

SUNT BONA, SUNT QUÆDAM MEDIOCRIA, SUNT MALA PLURA.....*MART.*

☞ *The Editor readily acknowledges the imperfection of the preſent liſt; but wiſhing that this article may contain a ſort of hiſtory of new publications in our country, he takes the liberty of requeſting the aid of authors and publiſhers towards rendering it complete. If notices of their works and propoſals ſhall be furniſhed, free of poſtage, they ſhall be gratuitouſly inſerted.*

New Works.

The life of Samuel Johnſon, D. D. the firſt preſident of King's College, in N. York, containing many intereſting anecdotes; a general view of the ſtate of religion and learning in Connecticut, during the former part of the laſt century, &c. &c. By Thomas Bradbury Chandler, D. D. formerly rector of St. John's Church, Elizabethtown, New-Jerſey. To which is added an appendix containing many original letters never before publiſhed from Biſhop Berkely, Archbiſhop Secker, Biſhop Lowth, and others, to Dr. Johnſon. Newyork, T. & J. Swords, 1805—1 vol. 12mo. pp. 208. 1 dol.

Diſcourſes on Davila—a ſeries of papers, on political hiſtory, written in the

year 1790, and then publiſhed in the Gazette of the United States. By an American citizen. Non ponebat marmores ante ſalutem. Boſton, Ruſſel & Cutler, 8vo. pp. 248. 1 dol. in boards.

Arguments natural, moral, and religious, for the immortality of the ſoul. Boſton, Thomas & Andrews.

Democracy unveiled, or Tyranny ſtripped of the garb of patriotiſm. By Chriſtopher Cauſtic, L L. D. &c. &c. Boſton, John Weſt, 12mo. 1 dol.

A conciſe extract from the ſea journal of William Moulton, written on board the Orrico, in a voyage from New-London in Connecticut, to Staten land, in the ſouth ſea, with remarks on the coaſt of South America, &c. from 1799 to 1804. Utica, N. Y. 75 cents.

New Editions.

Sermons, by William Jay, preached to the church and congregation at Argyle chapel, Bath, England. 1 vol. 8vo. on fine wove paper, and a large new type. 2 dols. B. & J. Homans, Boſton.

Odes of Anacreon tranſlated by Moore. Longworth, Newyork, 2 ſmall vols. 1 dol. 75 cts.

Knox's hints to publick ſpeakers. B. & J. Homans, Boſton.

The hiſtory of the late Grand Inſurrection; or, ſtruggle for liberty in Ireland. Impartially collected from Stephens, Hay, Jones, and many others of the moſt celebrated veracity. To which is added, a ſhort account of the inſurrection by the celebrated Emmet: with his famous ſpeech made to the court before judgment. Alſo, an inquiry as to the people's ſufferings in that unhappy country. Philadelphia, Warner & Hanna. 1 dol. 25 cts.

IN THE PRESS, BY SUBSCRIPTION.

Plowden's hiſtorical review of the ſtate of Ireland, commencing with the invaſion of Henry the II. in the year 1172 down to a late period in the preſent reign. Philadelphia.

The debates and other proceedings of the Virginian convention on the adoption of the federal conſtitution. Worldly and Dobſon, Norfolk.

An hiſtorical treatiſe on the feudal law and conſtitution and laws of England; with a commentary on Magna Charta, and illuſtrations of many of the Engliſh ſtatutes. By the late Francis Stoughton Sullivan, LL. D. royal profeſſor of common law in the univerſity of Dublin, to which authorities are added, and a diſcourſe is prefixed concerning the laws and government of England. By Gilbert Stuart, L L. D. 2 vols. 8vo. 5 dolls. Thomas B. Wait & Co. Portland.

Lectures on Theology, by Charles Niſbet, D. D. late preſident of Dickinſon college, in Carliſle, Pennſylvania: to which will be prefixed an account of the life and character of the author; by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller of Newyork. In 6 8vo. vols.

An eſſay on the life of George Waſhington, commander in chief of the American army, through the revolutionary war, and firſt preſident of the United States of America. By the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, of Worceſter, Maſſachuſetts, 1 vol. 2 dolls. I. Thomas, Worceſter.

Pamphlets published.

A Sermon delivered at Cambridge on the Annual Faſt, 1805, by John Foſter, A. M. Text—Make a chain; for the land is full of bloody crimes. Ez. vii. 23. Cambridge, Hilliard.

Two Diſcourſes on Chriſt's Selfexiſtence, addreſſed to the Second Congregational Society in Newburyport, Mar. 3, 1805. By Samuel Spring. Newburyport, E. M. Blunt. 8vo. pp. 59.

An attempt to recommend juſtice, charity, and unanimity in matters of religion; in a ſermon, preached in Newbury, June 10, 1804, and to the firſt congregational ſociety of Newburyport, March 3, 1805. By John Snelling Popkin, A. M. miniſter of the firſt church and congregation of Newbury. Publiſhed at the deſire of the hearers. Newburyport, publiſhed by Angier March, for the ſubſcribers, 1805, pp. 39.

The guilt, folly, and ſources of Suicide; two diſcourſes preached in the city of Newyork, by Samuel Miller, D. D. Newyork.

Lexiphanes, a dialogue imitated from Lucien, and ſuited to the preſent times; being an attempt to expoſe the affected ſtyle, hard words, and abſurd phraſeology of many late writers, and particular-

ly of Lexiphanes the Rambler. Philadelphia.

Anſwer to the queſtions, Why are you a federaliſt? and why ſhall you vote for governour Strong? Boſton, 1805. pp. 22.

A parody on ſome of the moſt ſtriking paſſages in a late pamphlet entitled "a letter to a Federaliſt." By Vernon H. Quincy, Eſq. Portſmouth, N. H. printed at the Oracle preſs, pp. 47—40 cents.

Thomas M. Randolph's letter to his conſtituents. Richmond, Virginia.

GALVANISM.

MR. Kelch of Konigſburg, has made ſome remarkable galvanick experiments on the body of a criminal who was beheaded for a capital crime. The pile of which he made uſe conſiſted of ſixty-two plates of zinc and copper, which was combined with another of fifty-two ſtrata. The head immediately after the execution was placed on a table, and while the ſpinal marrow, which was cut through at the ſixth vertebra colli, was touched with the conductor of the zinc pole, the conductor of the copper pole was applied to the left upper eye-lid, and immediately the eyes which were only half ſhut, opened themſelves, in which ſtate they remained as long as the chin was ſhut. The eye-lids not only contracted themſelves, but ſhewed a tremulous motion, which ceaſed immediately after removing the conductors. The contractions were ſtill ſtronger, on moiſtening the eyelids with a ſolution of ſal ammon. No change could be produced either in the iris or in the pupilla. On touching the ala naſi and ſeptum mobile with the copper pole conductor, the ala diſtended itſelf and became tremulous, the ſeptum and the point of the noſe were drawn downwards. By touching the middle part of the upper lip it approached to the under lip, but not ſo much as to ſhut the half-open mouth. On applying the conductor of the copper pole to the corner of the mouth, the upper lip was contracted, while the under lip remained immovable; the tongue ſhewed undulating motions when touched with the conductor of the copper pole. Similar contractions followed in the temples and cheeks. On touching the ſpinal marrow, and any part of the face, the fore part of the neck came into a ſudden motion, reſembling the act of ſwallowing, which laſted ſome time after having removed the conductor. All theſe experiments were ſeveral times repeated, and continued for above half an hour. On the left arm, a place two inches large of the muſculas biceps was laid bare, and having touched the ſpinal marrow with the conductor of the zinc pole, and that place with the copper pole conductor, the muſcle was ſuddenly contracted; the fore arm turned itſelf, moving at the ſame time towards the body, and likewiſe the upper arm made a turning motion, drawing near the body; but as ſoon as the conductor was removed the arm fell back into its former ſituation. On bringing the ſpinal marrow and the ſcrobiculus cordis within the galvanick chain, the latter part with all the integuments of the belly, began to raiſe

itſelf; the thorax contracted forming convexity; the arms became ſtiff, were raiſed and moved towards the trunk; the ſhoulders were lifted; the upper part of the ſpine was bent, moving ſomewhat down the table; but when the galvanick chain was opened, all theſe motions diſappeared.—On repeating the experiment, the ſame motions enſued, except the latter. The muſcles of the belly likewiſe ſhowed contractions. The large and ſmall inteſtines could by no means be excited to contract, nor yet the ſtomach, though they had previouſly been moiſtened with a ſolution of ſal ammoniack. While the zinc pole remained in combination with the ſpinal marrow, the conductor of the copper pole was applied to the abdominal ſurface of the diaphragm, and to the proceſſus enſiformis of the ſternum, by which it was conſiderably contracted, but a motion of the heart could not be perceived. Touching the pericardium produced not any contraction, but on opening it and touching the heart on the anteriour part of the right ventricle, ſome ſlight motion at the apex-cordes, and where the large blood veſſels enter the ventricles, and at the right auricula, could be produced. The heart was taken out of the body, and being laid on the hand of a gentleman who aſſiſted at the experiments, the zinc conductor was introduced into the right ventricle, while the apexcorelis and the ſurface of the left ventricle was touched with the copper conductor, by which means conſiderable contractions, and particularly an alternate contraction and diſtenſion of the oriſice of the right ventricle, where the arteries enter it, and of its auricle were produced, which even continued for a few minutes after having removed the conductors. The limbs having become cool during the former experiments ſhowed but ſlight contractions.—On laying bare and galvaniſing the muſculus ſartorious, the motions of the thigh were more conſiderable. A cutaneous branch of the orural nerve, touching with its inner ſurface the muſculus ſartorious was prepared and combined with a bare place of the muſcle of the other limb; the nerve contracted, while ſlight motions were at the ſame time perceived in that muſcle; to which the zinc conductor had been applied, and the place of the nerve which had been touched with the conductor, became the next day light brown, and dry, while the remaining part was ſoft, moiſt, and of its natural colour.

Necrology;

OR NOTICES COLLECTED OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In this town, April 7, Capt. Benjamin Hammatt, aged 98. This gentleman came from the weſt of England in the year 1727. For many years ſailed from this port, as maſter of a veſſel, and lived to be the oldeſt man in the town.

He was an active, uſeful and worthy citizen; correct in his political and religious opinions. His attendance upon publick worſhip was ſo habitual, that during forty years he miſſed *not* a day if he were aſhore.

He retained his bodily health and mental faculties to the lateſt period of his life. Was always cheerful; and having ſeen much of the world, this

compaſs of information concurring with a temper highly ſocial, he was an entertaining companion to many who ſought his company, as well as to his friends and intimates, and the various branches of his family connections. Of nearly 130 deſcendants there are now living 8 children, 45 grand-children, 44 great-grand-children, and 1 of the fifth generation.

At Dedham, in February laſt, Miſs Mehitable Baker, aged 16, eldeſt daughter of Mr. Jeremiah Baker.

"*Death's flying ſickle cuts the flowers of time,*
"*And virtue's faireſt friends in bloom expire.*"

At Tiſbury, Capt. Eliakim Norton, aged 89. His deſcendants were 10 children, 52 gr. children, and 81 great gr. children; 97 of whom are ſtill living.

In Needham, Col. Joſhua Davis of this town, aged 69; he was a zealous patriot of '76, and an officer of the ſtaff department in the revolutionary war.

At Portſmouth, Hon. John Pickering, Eſq. LL. D. aged 68.

Virginia—In Wincheſter, Col. Richard Kidder Reade, one of the aids-de-camp of Gen. Waſhington.

South Carolina—A negro, ſlave to a Mr. Newby, aged 100. In Abbeville, Mrs. Margaret Dickſon, aged 104.

Georgia—On Bryan Creek, Mr. Wright, aged 130.

Kentucky—At Grand Ecore, on Red river, of a typhus fever, after 8 days ſickneſs, John Miller, aged 96 years. This man never had a day's ſickneſs in his life, ſmall pox, meaſles, &c. excepted, until the complaint that carried him off. He was born in Germany, and, in 1757, was a ſoldier in the French army in Canada. Being out with a ſmall party, he was taken priſoner by the Engliſh, and ſoon after left the French ſervice, and enliſted in the Britiſh army. He was in 1759, taken priſoner and ſcalped by the Indians, and otherwiſe ſo wounded, that he was left for dead. He was in the battle at Abraham's Plains in 1759, and in 1760 was at the ſiege of Havana, and was one of thoſe who placed and ſprung the mines of the Moro caſtle. In 1763, after the Havana was reſtored to Spain, he was removed to Penſacola, and was ſoon diſcharged, on account of his advanced age, and came from thence to Nachitoches, where he has lived about 40 years. He got his living by day labour, was ſtrong and active, could always perform a good day's work, or walk 30 miles a day. He had had ſeveral wives; for one which he complained being a hard bargain, he ſaid he gave a Britiſh drummer twelve dollars in the Havana. She came with him to Penſacola, and when he was diſcharged, he was obliged to ſell her for ſix dollars. He was remarkably ſtrong made, rather ſhort, and full breaſt; and ten days before his death, appeared as likely to live 20 years as any man in the diſtrict.

In Paris, 19th Nov. laſt, M. Francis Tanois, clerk in the French Treaſury, æt. 88. He left behind him no leſs than ten widows, though he was a batchelor until 1792. In his will he declares that he never intended to marry, had not the National Convention paſſed the law for EASY divorces. He leaves to each of his widows an annuity of 1200 livres (50l.) as he ſays they were all equally dear to him. None of them is yet 30 years of age.

Inſcription deſigned for a Tablet in the New Meeting at Birmingham.
(Written by Dr. PARR.*)*

THIS TABLET
is conſecrated to the memory
of the Rev. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, LL. D.
by his affectionate Congregation
in Teſtimony
of their Gratitude for his faithful Attention
to their Spiritual Improvement,
and for his peculiar diligence in training up their Youth
to rational Piety and genuine Virtue;
of their Reſpect for his great and various Talents,
which were uniformly directed to the nobleſt Purpoſes;
and of their Veneration

for the pure, benevolent, and holy principles,
which, through the trying viciſſitudes of Life,
and in the awful hour of Death,
animated him with the hope of a Bleſſed Immortality.
His diſcoveries as a Philoſopher
will never ceaſe to be remembered and admired
by the ableſt improvers of Science.
His firmneſs as an advocate for Liberty,
and his ſincerity as an expounder of the Scriptures,
endeared him to many
of his enlightened and unprejudiced Contemporaries.
His example as a Chriſtian
will be inſtructive to the Wiſe, and intereſting to the Good,
in every Country and in every Age.
He was born at Fieldhead, near Leeds, in Yorkſhire, March 14, A. D. 1733.
Was choſen Miniſter of this Chapel, Dec. 31, 1780.
Continued in that office ten years and ſix months.
Embarked for America, April 7, 1794.
Died at Northumberland Town, in Pennſylvania, February 6, 1804.

THE EDITOR'S NOTES.

By ſome unaccountable negligence the firſt part of the remainder of *Philo-Lavoiſier*'s communication, acknowledged in our laſt and promiſed in this number, has been miſlaid. Will the writer be good enough to ſend for his papers, and rewrite what he ſhall perceive we have loſt?

We alſo find on our files a medical communication, which ſhould have been long ſince noticed, and which ſhall hereafter appear. In expreſſing a wiſh that a certain diſpute might ceaſe, we had no intention of ſuppreſſing the noſological articles already received.

From our earlieſt concern with this publication it has been our wiſh to enrich it with documents and facts, ſuch as gentlemen of the Faculty are capable of furniſhing. Through the aid of very reſpectable phyſicians of the metropolis we have already done ſomething; but, to our mortification, this number of our journal preſents no returns of births, diſeaſes, and deaths. Either phyſicians do not think with us, or they deem our publication an improper repoſitory for their purpoſe. We iterate a requeſt of their attention to the ſubject. It is *reiterated*, in our opinion, by a regard to the ſcience, the hiſtory, and the honour of our country.

"Aliquis" is inadmiſſible. If an author thinks himſelf miſrepreſented or abuſed by the Boſton Reviewers, let him tell them ſo himſelf.

The Botaniſt no. 9 was not ſent ſeaſonably for this month.

With pleaſure we acknowledge our obligations and friendſhip to the writer of the poetry in this and the preceding number under the ſignature of "&," and are ſorry to be unable any longer, at leaſt for a time, on account of his abſence, to adminiſter his elegant ſatire in the Letters to Leinwha. May that power, which gives buoyancy to the ſeas, and mildneſs to Italian climes, ſend health, ſafety, and ſcience to the youth!

It is now a full year ſince our labours commenced in the Monthly Anthology. Of the credit due to our feeble exertions the publick will judge. If our parterre has not "brought forth buds, and bloomed bloſſoms, and yielded almonds," the deficiency has not reſulted from want of culture. We have ſuſtained a conſtant ſtruggle between zeal for literature and dearth of literary patronage, between love of truth and hatred of controverſy, between a regard to the feelings of individuals and our vows to the publick, between, in ſhort, a deſire of pleaſing univerſally and the contingent yet imperious duties of our condition. Thus anxiety has attended every ſtep of our progreſs. But we hope the ruthleſs ſtorm of private oppoſition, and the chilling ſeaſon of general neglect are paſt. In juſtice to the community we are compelled to ſay of our work, its friends multiply, its obſtructions leſſen, "vireſque acquirit eundo."

METEOROLOGY from March 26 to April 26.

Day	Clock.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
26	8	30.2	43	NNE	Cloudy, A. M.—Some rain, P. M.
	2	30,2	40		
	ss.	30,1	38		
	10	30,1	37		
27	8	30,1	38	NE	Cloudy.
	2	30,1	42	E	
	ss.	30	40	SE	
	10	30	39		
28	8	30,1	39	E	Fair.
	2	30,1	52		
	ss.	30,2	44	SE	
	10	30,2	39		
29	8	30.3	41	NE	Fair.
	2	30,4	41		
	ss.	30,4	36		
	10	30,5	36		
30	8	30,4	36	NE	Rainy.
	2	30,3	41		
	ss.	30,3	38		
	10	30,2	39		
31	8	30	43	NNE	Rainy.
	2	29,9	47		
	ss.	29,9	46		
	10	29,9	50		
1	8	29,9	52	WSW	Fair and clear.
	2	30,2	55	NE	
	ss.	30	53		
	10	30,1	49	E	
2	8	30,2	44	NE	Fair and clear.
	2	30,2	48		
	ss.	30,2	52	E	
	10	30,1	46		
3	8	30	49	SW	Fair and clear.
	2	29,9	66		Cloudy evening.
	ss.	29,9	56	SSW	
	10	29,9	52		
4	8	29,9	56	SW	Cloudy. Rainy even'g. Some lightning.
	2	29,9	65		
	ss.	29,9	58	NW	
	10	30	50	NNE	
5	8	30,1	45	NE	CloudyA.M.—Fair P.M.
	2	30	50		
	ss.	30	45		
	10	30	43		
6	8	29,7	38	ESE	Rainy. Thunder and lightning about 2, P.M. The thunder accompanied with ſhaking of the earth.
	2	——	40		
	ss.	29,5	38	NE	
	10	29,5	37	NNE	
7	8	29,5	41	SW	Clouds and ſunſhine—a little ſprinkling.
	2	29,5	54	W	
	ss.	29,5	47	NE	
	10	29,5	45		
8	8	29,5	48	W	Fair.
	2	29,5	58		
	ss.	29,5	53		
	10	29,6	47		
9	8	29,4	47	ESE	Rainy.
	2	29,3	50		
	ss.	29,3	—	W	
	10	29,3	47		
10	8	29,3	44	NW	Clouds and ſhowers.
	2	29,3	47		
	ss.	29,	42		
	10	29,4	40		
11	8	29,4	45	W	Fair & clear morning. Rain P. M. Clear evening.
	2	29,4	50		
	ss.	——	44	NW	
	10	29,5	42		
12	8	29,6	42	WNW	Fair. Some clouds.
	2	29,6	54		
	ss.	29,6	50	W	
	10	29,6	44	NW	
13	8	29,6	55	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,6	68		
	ss.	29,6	49	NW	
	10	29,7	47	NE	
14	8	29,7	53	WSW	Fair and clear.
	2	29,7	70		
	ss.	29,6	64	W	
	10	29,7	55	NW	
15	8	29,7	47	NW	Fair and clear.
	2	29,7	55		
	ss.	29,	—		
	10	29,8	47		
16	8	29,8	50	WSW	Fair and clear.
	2	29,8	65		
	ss.	29,7	59	WNW	
	10	——	52		
17	8	29,7	61	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,6	70		
	ss.	29,7	64	NW	
	10	——	58	WNW	
18	8	29,6	64	SW	Fair—hazy, dry atmoſphere—very high wind.
	2	29,5	75		
	ss	29,5	70	ENE	
	10	29,5	60	W	
19	8		58	NNE	Fair.
	2		55		
	ss.		51	ENE	
	10		50	SE	
20	8	29,7	50	NE	CloudyA.M. RainP.M.
	2	29,7	47		
	ss.	29,9	45	NNE	
	10	——	45		
21	8	29,7	42	NE	Showers & high W. laſt night—ſtormy all day. In ev'ng conſtant hard rain—about 8P.M. ſome heavy thunder.
	2	29,5	42		
	ss.	29,5	42		
	10	——	41		
22	8	29,4	41	NW	Cloudy—ſome rain.—Grew clear in evening.
	2	29,5	50		
	ss.	29,6	49	W	
	10	——	46	SW	
23	8	29,8	52	W	Fair and clear.
	2	29,9	60		
	ss.	29,9	57	NW	
	10	——	51		
24	8	29,9	55	SE	Fair morning. Rain afternoon & evening.
	2	29,7	60		
	ss.	29,5	57	SSE	
	10	——	55		
25	8	29,5	56	SW	Fair. Some clouds.
	2	29,6	61		
	·	29,7	59		
	10	——	62		